National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard

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Pro-Slavery.

DR. NEHEMIAH ADAMS AND THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

To the Editors of The New York Observer.

You can hardly have failed to remark that the *talk* on this vexed subject in Boston, whether platform talk or newspaper talk, has been mainly on one side. It would be a great mistake to conclude from this that the *public sentiment* is all on one side. I know this also is presumed, and very constantly and boldly asserted, but I undertake to say that it is asserted without proof, although with the sincerity of sanguine and impetuous men, whose clamorous recitations men of calmer mood will not be at the trouble to contradict. For instance, there is a Boston religious newspaper which avows without ceasing that Dr. Adams does not represent the public sentiment on the subject of slavery, and therefore ought not to be retained on the Publishing Committee. Now, I would ask, with all due respect, how does the said newspaper know this? What does it know of the sentiment of the Church and congregation of which I am pastor, in the country, not fifty miles from Boston? It knows simply that itself comes into an exceedingly moderate proportion of the families in that congregation, and that is all it knows. But I can tell it more, as, that it does not come into that moderate proportion of families because they *all* concur in its sentiments and language in regard to Dr. Adams and the Tract Society, and that there are other Christian households in the same Church and congregation into which *it* does not find admission at all—is not very likely to find admission at all; but where other religious newspapers, the New York *Observer* among them, are welcomed every week. And this is a Church and congregation whose antecedents, as far as relates to the ministry it has enjoyed, are very decidedly of the radical sort, and every family takes the religious paper it prefers, without being influenced, in a single instance, by the recommendation of the present minister. I also happen to know that what I have stated of one Church and congregation in Massachusetts is by no means confined to one.

Judge, then, Messrs. Editors, whether some of us plain country folks, as well as some Boston folks, are not a good deal amused at the obstreperous pertinacity with which a certain "*we*" claims to be the sole exponent of public opinion as regards Dr. Adams and the Tract Society! True, it may be greatly presumptuous in us to have an opinion on these matters not in perfect agreement with the said "*we*." But however presumptuous and lamentable, such is the fact.

And one thing more: there are *many* who do not endorse all the sentiments in Dr. Adams's "South-Side View," but who, believing what "*we*" constantly assert, that Dr. Adams is a man of very high Christian character, of unquestioned sincerity, of elegant scholarship, amiable temper, and true gentlemanly bearing, and of noble devotedness as a pastor, a man to be respected, trusted, and beloved by all, cannot possibly screw themselves, or be screwed, into the belief that there is the very shadow of a reason for the removal of Dr. Adams, in the most distant probability that he would exert any influence unworthy of the Churches of New England, or unfriendly to the interests of the slave.

And further still, there are many, I say deliberately, *many*, to whom all this clamour about Dr. Adams, coupled as it is with such professions of love and admiration, looks very much like a determination to restrain that most precious liberty of all—liberty of thought and expression here on this pilgrim soil—looks very much like petty personal feeling, and makes all such earnest profession of love and confidence look very much like—*hypocrisy*.

It is possible all may be high-minded and pure as Abdiel. I do not deny that it is so. I merely say how matters *appear* to some of the community who claim to have a place among those whose opinion makes up *public opinion*. By such, the stand taken by William Ropes, Esq., of Beacon street, at the late meeting in which this matter was discussed, was regarded with a very heartfelt satisfaction. Yours truly, DELTA.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK IN BOSTON.

From The Boston Courier.

A LITTLE manifestation of anti-slavery feeling cropped out in some of the anniversaries. The very high-minded editor of the *Congregationalist*, a worthy minister from North Brookfield, the minister of Park Street Church, and others, tried to make a little abolition capital at the business meeting of the Tract Society, but only made themselves small and uncharitable, in the minds of the best men present. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in some of his addresses, which, by the way, were very commonplace, showed where his heart was, and where he thought his fame would chiefly rest, by adventuring upon slavery allusions, and sneers at all ministers who did not follow his own crude and ill-mannered conduct, in political preaching. Dr. Cheever served up the old dish of Kansas wrongs, as if we had not been surfeited with it at the last Presidential election, and had not witnessed the favourable change of circumstances in that Territory.

But at the real anti-slavery meeting, held at Park Street Church, on Thursday afternoon, the cauldron fairly boiled over. This gathering was arranged previously by certain of the clergy, to strengthen one another in their pretended call to preach political anti-slavery, which has been the occasion of so much confusion, and which has proved, as might be anticipated, so injurious to the cause of religious sentiment and progress. It is obvious that such a course must operate, just as Spiritualism does, to draw away the mind from the true sources of religious faith, and fix it upon meaner objects, or those which are partial and narrow in their scope and bearing. The speeches were violent harangues, instead of benevolent developments of Gospel truths. Their character may be guessed from the names of the speakers. These, or the principal, were Professor Stowe of Andover, Rev. A. L. Stone of Boston, Rev. Dr. Cheever of New York, and Rev. Dudley A. Tyng of Philadelphia. Judging from the published reports, they were extreme, bitter, narrow and vindictive. It is difficult to distinguish between them and Phillips, Higginson, Parker and Garrison. The last named of the series, Mr. Tyng, we presume, would never have been heard out of his own locality except for the factitious notoriety he has acquired by persisting in discoursing in the pulpit upon law, of which he knows nothing, to the neglect of the Gospel, which it was his consecrated duty to preach. Dr. Cheever was presumptuous and denunciatory, and, indeed, his tone, scarcely becoming a mere *creature*, was little, if any, short of blasphemous. We recommend him and others, *in pari delicto*, to repeat, morning and evening, the verse of the Universal Prayer:

> Let not this weak, unknowing hand
> Presume thy bolts to throw,
> And deal damnation round the land
> On each I judge thy foe.

Some of Mr. Stone's remarks were in the same unbecoming spirit. Indeed, we do not see how a Christian minister can venture to assume and proclaim interpretations of Providence for a mere party object. One of our leading clergymen is said to have repeatedly led off in applause; but we hope this is not so, considering his position and the place. We have no doubt of the bad influence of the gathering; but it will be less extensive and less deep than it would have been before reviving reason and good feeling had exercised their present more salutary effect upon the community. If the people were really ready to follow these preachers to the "bitter end," this country would now be the scene of a civil war unparalled for ferocity and ruin. But, on the contrary, they have crippled their own influence. They cannot effect the evil, which would be the natural result of their efforts; we are sorry that they have equally diminished their power for good.

DISUNION NOT DEPLORED.

"Thus the disunion so long looked for has come. The South has seceded from the North. It was inevitable, and the like division between the North and South, in other matters besides religious, must follow. As we view the subject, this secession is not all to be deplored."—*Congregational Journal.*

"NOT *at all* to be deplored," we presume the *Congregational Journal* intended to say. It announces the disruption of the New School General Assembly and predicts that the same division between the North and South, in other matters besides religious, must follow. That is, a division of the bonds political—in other words, a dissolution of the Union—is to come. And in view of such a consequence, that religious journal, representing a large part of the piety and patriotism of New Hampshire, asserts that the secession is not to be deplored!

Week after week brings to us from the ultra men at the North and at the South such expressions as these, that sound like knells of departing glory. They are ominous of the decline of that love for the Church and country which should ever burn so warmly in the breast of every American Christian that he would say with reference to Church and country, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." We see so much to be prized in the unity of the Church, and in the perpetuity of the Union of these States; we see so many evils, moral, social and political, to result from division; we pray so constantly that all God's people may be one; that we regard every Church disruption, especially by geographical lines, an immense and unmitigated national and religious calamity. We deplore it deeply and always. We are sure that *divisions* are not of the Holy Spirit. They are of the devil. The Christian who rejoices in them is under the cloud of God's displeasure, and does not see the beauty and power of the undivided body of Christ. The heart that is warm with love for Christ and his people is pierced with sorrow when the bonds of union are sundered, whether those bonds unite us or our neighbours.

This tendency to promote the separation of North and South, we wish to protest against and rebuke whenever we meet it. Instead of rejoicing in it, we would, on each occasion of the appearance of a disunion spirit, rather take sackcloth and sit in ashes. But, while life and being last, we will cling to *union* as infinitely desirable in Church and State.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Selections.

HORRID FATE OF DR ROSS'S SLAVE.

WE published last week the scheme of emancipation which Dr. Ross devised in 1835 for the slaves then under his control.* It ought to be known, however, as a comment upon the system of slavery, that this apparently wise and humane provision of Dr. Ross, which seemed to be guarded at every point, was frustrated with regard to some of his slaves by the subsequent embarrassment of his pecuniary affairs. The failure of Dr. Ross, occasioned by the misfortunes or the imprudence of others with whom he was connected, compelled a sale of his goods and chattels under the sheriff's execution; and thus some of the very slaves or "apprentices" whose freedom he had planned to secure were sold as *chattels* to the highest bidder.

This cruel disappointment of the hopes of both master and slave was a legitimate fruit of the system of chattel-slavery. The slave is not a person, but a thing; and is therefore liable to be sold for the debts of his master, or for the readier settlement of his estate after his decease. This dreadful possibility is before every slave. No matter how kind his present master, no matter how good the intentions or how solemn the pledges of that master as to his freedom, a change in that master's circumstances may throw that slave within the cruel grasp of the slave-trader. There is no remedy for these possibilities—which are every day made actual—but in the abolition of the system.

We have before us the authentic history of one of Dr. Ross's slaves, sold under execution by the sheriff. We have carefully inquired into the facts of the case; our authority is perfectly reliable, and we hold ourselves responsible for the narrative we are about to give.

This slave passed into the possession of a member of the New School Presbyterian Church, within the bounds of the Presbytery of Holston, in Eastern Tennessee. In that mountainous region slavery has been supposed to exist in a more lenient form than in the rice, cotton and sugar plantations of more southern States. It was of this region that Dr. Ross wrote twenty years ago in the following terms: "In Kentucky you are in advance of us in preparation for measures of emancipation. But if we were not joined politically to West Tennessee, we of East Tennessee would be moving even before you of Kentucky on this subject. Our soundest politicians would at once have their deliberations drawn to incipient measures, were they not restrained by our connection with the other part of the State."

Here, then, it might be expected that slavery would exist in its mildest form—a sort of household, patriarchal servitude—and that the slave of Dr. Ross would be treated as a man by one who was a member of the same Church with that divine. It might have been presumed that the good intentions of Dr. Ross toward his slave, which had been frustrated by adversity, would be taken into consideration by his Christian brother who had purchased the unfortunate, and would secure for him kind and Christian treatment. But about a year ago this Church member *sold* the slave whom Dr. Ross had destined for freedom, to a trader whose avowed intention was to take him to Mississippi for a field hand. The man had a family, dear to him as was the family of Dr. Ross to *his* heart, whose touching lament over a daughter's grave so moved the Assembly at Cleveland. Like his old master, Dr. Ross, he loved with that passionate fondness which is a characteristic of their race. He saw himself about to be torn from the bosom of his family, and to be carried "down the river"—that destiny of unknown miseries which is the terror of the house and farm servants of Tennessee and Kentucky. He fled from his doom, and, like Harry, became the companion of Dred in the wilderness. For a whole year he eluded detection and enjoyed a wild precarious freedom. But within a month past he was caught and brought into the power of his master.

That master—still a member of the Presbyterian Church—caused him to be tied to four saplings, stripped naked, and beaten by two brutes—a drunken sheriff and a reckless trader—till his quivering flesh was gashed with *three hundred and thirty lashes*; he was then ironed and sent "down the river." The flogging was inflicted by order of that Church member, upon his own premises; and the wretched victim of his revenge, a mangled carcase, was torn away forever from his family and the home of his youth.

We ask Dr. Ross to ponder this fate of one whom he once purposed to set free, and answer whether he would now constitute a Church in which all inquiry into such crimes shall be forbidden! He need not go farther than Holston Presbytery to find materials for such a Church. The pastor of the Church whose member had committed this outrage brought the case before the session as an "offence" calling for their notice. Every feature of the case, the selling for gain, the forcible sundering of family ties, the cruel scourging, each and every act was in violation of every decree of the General Assembly upon slavery from 1818 to 1856. The pastor felt that one so covered with the blood of a brother—whose only crime was that of loving his family too well to go willingly away from them—must be washed of those guilty spots before he could partake of the Lord's Supper; that his gory hands must not stain the cup of blessing from the Son of God.

What said the session? Their answer is given in the fact that to-day *that pastor is an exile from Tennessee, seeking a home in a free State.* Is such the Church that Dr. Ross would consolidate over all the South?—a Church in which such crimes shall be open, but all discussion of them shall be "eschewed." Was the action of the Assembly at Cleveland, insisting that such crimes should be brought to discipline, premature, sectional, fanatical?

But our story is not ended. Six weeks ago this same pastor wrote to a friend in this city, "There is not one pro-slavery man in Holston Presbytery. We are all opposed to the system of slavery. But still we do not like the interference of the Home Missionary Society with this matter." *Now* he writes, "I have seen the dark side of slavery. I must leave. Find me a parish in any free State from Maine to Kansas." And shall the Home Missionary Society aid such a Church as that which shields this bloody master, and not even *inquire* as to the character of the slaveholding which there is tolerated?—*Independent.*

*See STANDARD of June 6th.

MORE OF THE BLACK LAWS.

From The Chicago Congregational Herald.

IN March, 1845, our Legislature approved a law that "No black or mulatto person shall be permitted to reside in this State until such person shall present a certificate of freedom, and shall give bond, with sufficient security, in the penal sum of one thousand dollars, conditioned that such person will not become a charge, as a poor person"—the Clerk of the County to file such bond; and if it be broken in any condition, the whole penalty is forfeited, and the bond to be prosecuted to effect. This applies to all coloured persons residing in the State previous to the law passed in 1853, to prevent immigration of free negroes to the State.

Ah, impartial philanthropy! We build poor-houses in every County for the unfortunate white people, but the poor black man must not only take care of himself, but give bonds in the sum of one thousand dollars that he never will become a pauper. What poor white man, coming into the State, among strangers, could find any one to be security, in the sum of a thousand dollars, that he would never be reduced, by ill-fortune or disease, to the need of the alms-house? Such a law, applied to the whites, would have kept out thousands of our population. But perhaps the legislators exhibited a wise discrimination, knowing the blacks could take care of themselves and the whites could not; for, whilst the blacks are thus virtually excluded from the public poor-house, they do not, as we might suppose, overtax voluntary benevolence. Whilst thousands of whites are aided by our City Relief Society, scarcely a coloured person applies from year to year, and you never see a coloured beggar in our streets, that are so much infested with white professional beggars. The blacks are considered so well able to take care of themselves that they are required to pay their share of the tax to support the white paupers, without any such provision for their misfortune; or, if they be driven by necessity to the poor-house, their boondsmen forfeit thousands of dollars to the County, which will thus make a double speculation out of them—the tax and the forfeiture. What right has a State to make such oppressive distinctions among her citizens? What meanness can surpass this civil proscription of the coloured poor?

The law also provides that if any person shall harbour, or hire, or in anywise give sustenance to such negro who has not given bond, and does not possess a certificate of freedom, be shall be fined in the sum of five hundred dollars, one-half to the use of the County, the other half to the party informing, only providing that this section shall not affect those who were previously residents of the State: so that you cannot "hire" the service of a coloured barber, or domestic, or express-man, or white-washer, nor "hire" the use of their money, nor the rent of their houses, without the risk of a fine of five hundred dollars. And that risk is increased by the fact that any enemy of yours, or any vile informer, is bribed in the sum of half the fine to expose you. You cannot comply with that dictate of humanity and that precept of religion, and feed the hungry, lodge the stranger, refresh the weary, without such exposure, if the applicant be only a coloured person. To "give sustenance," not to a fugitive slave," but to any negro who has not given the aforesaid bonds, is a crime in Illinois.

And so the law goes on through twenty-three long sections, specifying disabilities and fines, outraging sensibility, and violating all natural right, in respect to a large class of people who are only guilty of a highly coloured skin. The vast law-making power of a State seems intent upon crushing out all aspiration for the coloured people to rise in social or civil privilege. One would think that this State, like the whole bogus Code of Kansas, had been copied from a slave State Legislature. It provides for punishing slaves for intruding upon plantations—it prevents the emancipation of slaves in the State—it forbids the assembling of slaves or servants of colour to the number of three or more for dancing or other amusement, unless they have a written permit from their masters, the penalty being "thirty-nine stripes on his or her bare back"—it abnegates all contracts between masters and servants during the time of service—it forbids buying and selling with slaves without permission of the master—and so on through nearly all the disgusting minutiæ of slave law. Any person who should come into our State and take up our statutes and read the seven or eight pages referred to in the Index under the caption "Slaves," would certainly judge that he had fallen into a slave State. Thinking that this might be the remnant of some feudal legislation, he looks for the date, and reads, "Approved March 3d, 1845," and further learns that a bill to abolish these very laws was voted down in the last winter's Legislature. Now what can you say to this new comer? You ought to say, 'We acknowledge the blackness and yet the vitality of these laws, but we design to use every means in our power to repeal them.'

THE ABOLITIONISTS AND REPUBLICANS.

Correspondence of The Boston Traveller.

NEW YORK, Tuesday, June 16.

OUR ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, which is one of the handsomest papers in the face, and certainly one of the most skilfully edited that we have in New York, is at loggerheads with *The Independent*, the journal to which Dr. Cheever, Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Stowe contribute. The quarrel is about *The Independent's* remarks upon the action of the Tract Society and the Rev. Dr. South-Side Adams. *The Independent* thought the Society had done pretty well, and THE STANDARD took it sharply to task, not implicating any special contributor, of course, but only the editor, whom it declared to be Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, whom you remember as fighting with us during the campaign, and speaking with Dr. Cheever at the Academy. Dr. Thompson, in a letter over his name, declared such a use of private names to be mean, and so the battle rages.

I think the Hon. Jeff. Davis, and the Hon. Erastus Brooks, and the hon. editors of the Charleston *Mercury* and Richmond *Enquirer*, with all the other leaders and orators of the slave party in the country, must look with smiles of satisfaction upon this debate between *The Independent* and STANDARD, and positively laugh out at the assaults upon *The Traveller* in the Boston Abolition Convention, and the offered denunciation of the New York *Tribune*, Senators Wilson and Hale, and Speaker Banks, by the same Convention here. Your own battles you are quite able to fight; but while I may doubt the policy of the Republicans making sport of the Abolitionists, I think those latter gentlemen should remember that their Disunion Convention in Worcester, and their New York Spring Convention, did not hesitate to insult good and true Republicans, apparently for no reason but that they did not believe in disunion as a remedy for slavery.

If Abolition Conventions sneer at leading Republicans and Republican journals, they may expect those journals to laugh at Abolition Conventions. It may be unwise, but with what face can these Conventions complain. They tilt with every lance of wit, eloquence and invective, at all the world that differs from them, including that party which is striving hard to do the work they wish done. Then if any of that party is offended by the incessant insult heaped upon it and retorts, the Abolition Convention, in full chorus of indignation, cries, "Oh! oh! you are a pretty anti-slavery fellow! *You* pretend to care for the slave, do you? *You*, who, while you affect to sympathize with us, make as much fun of us as our enemies!"

Now, my dear Abolition Convention, just consider the preternatural beam of this same timber, which, by long lodging, has actually become a sleeper in your own eye. You think the Republican journals injure the cause by making fun of you. What do you think you do by denouncing those journals and their party? You think you are defamed and misrepresented by us. We think the same of you. But since we are all out bear-hunting, for the sake of peace and safety to the common fold, do let us hunt the bear; and while Henry hews off one leg, and Horace another, and George B. and Joseph P. and Anson, and Nathaniel P. let fly at the brute all over, it seems to be a fair presumption that they want to kill him quite as much as those of you who stand by and cry "ste' boy!" Your patent bear-killing trap may be capital to finish the animal, if you can only drive him in—but why should you rail at the rest who are despatching him, and go home in the sulks, as if you cared more about your patent trap than you did about killing bears?

When Charles Sumner says in Washington what he knows will be hateful to the enemy, and is then bludgeoned unawares by a cowardly bully; when Henry Wilson declines a challenge in the same town where few men have ever the pluck to do it, and then carries pistols to protect himself against attacks which he knows are arranged, and for the mean character of which the attack on his colleague prepares him, and makes a speech which you gentlemen of the Abolition Convention wilfully distort from its meaning; when Senator Banks, standing on the steps of the New York Exchange, speaks to merchants of the bad policy of slavery, with a masterly power which makes the speech worthy to be uttered where Daniel Webster had spoken; and when a great political campaign is conducted with an enthusiasm and eloquence and fervour which were never before equalled in our history, upon the fundamental proposition that slavery is a moral, political and economical wrong—it is silly to say that it is not in earnest, that the party is futile, and the speakers time-serving twaddlers.

Last Summer, you gentlemen of the Abolition Convention were very fond of calling the Republican party a bantling of your own, a growth of your long agitation, an Abolition sucker—and although some of you may have said that you would as soon vote for Buchanan as Fremont, yet the most probably sympathized with the friends of the latter. Now, one thing is clear enough. If the Anti-Slavery party, comprising all those who are opposed to slavery in the States and in the Territories, those who think the Constitution means slavery, and those who think it does not—those who think slavery can be immediately abolished, and those who believe that the speediest and most practical abolition is by walling it in and preventing its spreading—if all those do not care enough for the great result of all their efforts to stop biting their neighbour's shoulder, because he is a little taller or a little shorter, then the neighbour's aim will be good for nothing, and the day is already lost.

You, gentlemen, say that we cannot take an oath to the Government without being parties to the iniquity. Seward, and Sumner, and Wilson, and King, and Giddings, and hundreds of thousands more, *as good and true as yourselves*, do not agree with you. That, then, is an open question. Therefore, why should you waste time in denouncing those who differ from you about it, instead of waiving the difference and fighting on? Every private citizen of honour and humanity knows that he is not going to help return a fugitive slave, did twenty thousand laws stand in the way. He is perfectly willing to suffer the penalty. He does not deny that the bill is a statute; he merely says that no power on earth can bind the power from Heaven; and he does not find anything very withering in the taunts against a higher law, or very fearful in the assertion that it is anarchy for every man to judge the law for himself; for he knows that every moral agent always did, and will and must, judge it for himself. No law can hope to be generally obeyed which outrages the general instinct of men and gentlemen.

Practically, the Republican is as clear of complicity with slavery as the Abolitionist. He knows, of course, that the Abolitionist denies, and will forever deny, with insult and invective, the claim of any man to be a genuine anti-slavery man who does not stand upon a certain platform. During the last campaign, although many Republicans denied that they were technically Abolitionists—which was true—they did it decently, knowing that the great object of the whole anti-slavery movement was the same.

We think so still; but we waste no words about it. If the Rev. Mr. Foss chooses to rival Rev. Dr. Ross in absurdity, let him by all means do it. Let it be said that Beecher and Greeley are not friends of freedom; let it be understood that Henry Wilson, and Seward, and Giddings intend to "sell" the Republican party; let there be whatever gossip and insinuation the soldiers may choose; but, in the name of Liberty, let the anti-slavery line move forward, sure that the soldiers who are going to win the victory have no time nor breath to spend in jeering and quarrelling. GREGORY.

A REJECTED TRACT.

NEW YORK, June 18th, 1857.

Editors of The Independent.

DEAR SIRS: Some time ago I announced through *The Independent* that a tract, to which a prize of two hundred dollars had been awarded by Rev. Drs. Wayland and Clarke, of Providence, Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh, and C. Stoddard, Esq., of Boston, had been sent by me to the Publishing Committee of the American Tract Society, according to instructions received by the donor of the premium. I have been often asked concerning the fate of that tract; and, at the request of my friend in Glasgow, I would ask a place in your columns for the following correspondence, which sufficiently explains itself.

It will be observed that this tract was rejected before the action of the Tract Society in May, defining the duty of the Society to publish tracts on Slavery as upon "other moral evils." Yours truly, JOS. P. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK, March 27th, 1857.

To the Executive Committee of the American Tract Society.

DEAR BRETHREN: Several months ago an American merchant residing in Glasgow, Scotland, requested me to offer, on his behalf, a premium of two hundred dollars for the best tract upon "The Family as Affected by Slavery." With his concurrence the following persons were selected to adjudicate upon such manuscripts as should be offered, viz.:

Rev. Francis Wayland, D.D., Providence, R. I. (Baptist).

Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clarke, D.D., Providence, R. I. (Episcopalian).

Charles Stoddard, Esq., Boston (Congregational).

Rev. David Brown, D.D, Glasgow, Scotland (Presbyterian).

From 35 manuscripts submitted to them, the Committee have unanimously selected the accompanying tract as deserving of the premium. I have no personal acquaintance with its author, and it does not become me to pronounce upon its merits. But at the request of the gentleman who offered the premium, I respectfully place the tract at your disposal, to be published, if you shall deem fit, by the American Tract Society.

Should you decide to publish it, my friend in Glasgow will make a special donation to the Society for the purpose of stereotyping and circulating the tract. Should you determine not to publish it, you will confer a favour by returning the manuscript to me as soon as your decision is reached.

The erasures in the manuscript were made by the author, with a view to bring the tract within the compass of twenty-four pages.

I am, gentlemen, with high regard,

Yours truly, JOS. P. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK, April 13th, 1857.

DEAR BROTHER: The members of the Publishing Committee resident in this city and vicinity have all read, in connection with your courteous note, the manuscript on Slavery submitted by you, at the request of a gentleman in Scotland; and at their meeting held this day were unanimous in the judgment that it is not adapted for publication by this Society.

With respect and esteem,

Your affectionate brother,

WM. A. HALLOCK, Cor. Sec.

A copy of this correspondence was sent to the friend in Glasgow who offered the premium, and the following answer has been received:

GLASGOW, June 5th, 1857.

Rev. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, New York.

MY DEAR SIR: I duly received your favour of 29th April, and should have replied sooner, but waited to see what action the Tract Society would take at their annual meeting.

You may be sure that I read with surprise and grief the correspondence, which you kindly sent me, with the Secretary of the American Tract Society, relative to the tract for which I offered a premium of $200.

After the announcement made at the annual meeting a year ago, that the Society "saw no reason why tracts on the duties and evils of slavery should not be published," I was not prepared for the statement which Dr. Hallock makes, that "the members of the Publishing Committee resident in this city and vicinity have all read, in connection with your courteous note, the manuscript on slavery submitted by you, at the request of a gentleman in Scotland; and at their meeting held this day were unanimous in the judgment that it is not adapted for publication by this Society." Here is a document selected and approved (from thirty-five MSS.) by three eminent evangelical clergymen and one distinguished layman, written in a kind and a Christian spirit, and in an exemplary tone of moderation, on "The Family Relation as Affected by Slavery," and yet this is found to be "not adapted for publication" by the American Tract Society. It is a great pity the Committee did not condescend to say why it was not so adapted. Possibly it was too lukewarm, and did not denounce fearlessly enough the enormity of that sin which is paralyzing our moral sense as a nation, and which is fruitful of more evils than all the other sins concreted which the Tract Society have found occasion to condemn in their publications.

"Not adapted for publication!" Why is it not adapted? It is to be hoped that the resolutions passed at the recent annual meeting are not a mockery—that it is not intended to shirk this great question. If this tract "is not adapted," I call upon the Secretary of the Tract Society to let us know the reason why; and I believe that the Christian public will either demand an honest and faithful fulfilment of the pledges given at the Society's meeting or else insist that the directors shall resign their trust into the hands of men who will more faithfully represent their sentiments. Your ob't serv't.

SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY ABANDONED BY ITS FATHER.

SENATOR DOUGLAS has always been considered the embodiment of political effrontery. His facility in the employment of arguments which insult the judgment and of facts which insult the memories of every common-sense man have given him an unquestionable preëminence among the leaders of his party. But in the late exposition of his policy in reference to the Territory of Utah he exceeds himself. Mr. Douglas was shrewd enough to see that the Mormon question, which has recently arisen, is one of a kind which absolutely defies his patent territorial medicine of popular sovereignty—that the difficulty must be healed by a direct and palpable disregard of the Kansas Nebraska bill policy, "the true interest and meaning whereof," to use his own language, "is to leave the people of a Territory *perfectly free* to form and regulate their own institutions." The ill-success of this doctrine—the crude offspring of his political exigencies—in the disorder and violence which have reigned in Kansas, it has taxed all its expounder's ingenuity to gloss over and palliate, but he has till now nominally adhered to it.

The question as to the government of Utah, however, has fairly broken his constancy down. He has abandoned the last distinctive peculiarity of his much-vaunted theory. As a candidate for a Presidential nomination, finding that either his aspirations or his principles must be abandoned, he naturally preferred to surrender the latter. His only recourse has been to back out, with as graceful an unconsciousness of discomfiture as circumstances would permit, while at the same time he would appear to dictate the policy in reference to Utah, to which, in point of fact, the Administration is driven by the very necessity of the case.

He is determined to be the author both of popular sovereignty and congressional sovereignty—to supply both the bane and the antidote—and, as an aspirant for the nomination of 1860, to assert his patent right to the successful policy, whichever it may be.

Observe his exposition of evils in Utah, and his panacea for their removal. This Territory, says he, was organized by the act of 1850, "on the supposition that the inhabitants were American citizens, owing and acknowledging allegiance to the United States, and consequently entitled to the benefit of self-government while a Territory, and to admission into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, as soon as they should number the requisite population."

It turns out, however, says Mr. Douglas, if common rumour may be believed, that this supposition was not correct; that the people were unnaturalized aliens; that they do not acknowledge allegiance to our Constitution, and that they violently resist the laws and government of the United States, and therefore that they obtained a Territorial organization on false pretences.

Nevertheless, they are a Territory, and "popular sovereignty" requires us to leave them perfectly free to form and regulate their institutions without interference by Congress. It is also the duty of the Federal Government to suppress Mormonism—but how can it do so consistently with the policy of non-interference? Here is the grand exploit of Douglas's ingenuity. We cannot interfere with the people of a Territory, but we can deprive them of their Territorial condition—we can repeal the law creating them a Territory, and then they lose their power of "self-government," and fall back under the direct authority of the Federal Government.

"The territorial government once abolished, the country would revert to its primitive condition prior to the act of 1850, 'under the sole and exclusive jurisdiction of the United States,' and should be placed under the operation of the act of Congress of the 30th of April, 1790, and the various acts supplemental thereto and amendatory thereof, 'providing for the punishment of crimes against the United States within any fort, arsenal, dockyard, magazine, or any other place or district of country, under the sole and exclusive jurisdiction of the United States.'"

It thus appears, from Mr. Douglas's own exposition, that this vaunted right of the people of the Territories to govern themselves is not what he used to call it, an "inherent right of self-government," but merely a privilege, that Congress may give or take away, as it pleases. The people of the Territories, when, like the Mormons or the Border-Ruffian settlers of Kansas, they persistently disregard the federal authority and the rights of our citizens, are not to enjoy the precious boon of "popular sovereignty," and it is the duty of Congress to assume sovereignty over them.

According to this theory, the sovereignty does not lie in the people, but in the Territory; and even the sovereignty of the Territory is so precarious a possession that Congress or the Executive from whom it is derived may resume it without ceremony.

Franklin used to insist that it was not the man, but the jackass, that voted under a property qualification which gave a vote to the man with a jackass, but none to one without. He certainly was correct according to Douglas's theory that sovereignty lies in the Territory, and not in the people who inhabit it.

Congress cannot lay a finger upon slavery or the "bestial practices" of polygamy in a Territory, says the Illinois Senator, but it can destroy the Territory and then it can do what it pleases with the people it finds in it. This construction of Congressional powor must have been borrowed from the primitive method of roasting pigs, facetiously described by Charles Lamb.

It is unnecessary to point the moral of Douglas's speech. He has found at last that the doctrine of squatter sovereignty, which was employed to kill the Wilmot Proviso, was practically an absurdity, and to get around it he is obliged to claim for Congress far more extensive powers than were ever exercised or even contemplated before. If Congress can strip a Territory of its vaunted sovereignty, why not a State? for the sovereignty of the one is as inherent as the other; and if Congress can punish the inhabitants of a dismantled Territory for bestial practices, why not also the inhabitants of a State? And if it can, what security is left for slavery—an institution as bestial as polygamy, and to which a larger number are addicted. The fact is, Senator Douglas, in his search for a Presidential *pou sto*, has quite inconsiderately placed himself upon the platform of the extreme Abolitionists, who assert the power and duty of Congress to abolish slavery everywhere within the United States.

We will leave him there for the present.—*Evening Post.*

THE DEVIL'S POLITICS.

THE accompanying paragraph has been twice sent to us in one week. As it seems to do somebody a great deal of good, we will help them to give it currency:

"'The Devil,' says Luther, 'held a great anniversary, at which his emissaries were convened to report the result of their several missions.' 'I let loose the wild beasts of the desert,' said one, 'on a caravan of Christians, and their bones are now bleaching on the sands.' 'Pshaw,' said the Devil, 'their souls were all saved.' 'I drove the east wind,' said another, 'against a ship freighted with Christians, and they were all drowned.' 'What of that?' said the Devil, their souls were all saved.' 'For three years,' said a third, 'I cultivated an acquaintance with an independent preacher of the Gospel; at last I became on very intimate terms with him, and then I persuaded him to preach politics and throw away his Bible!' 'Then,' continues Luther, 'the Devil shouted as the Devil can only shout, and the night stars of hell sang for joy.'"

This is meant to hit those ministers who preach ethics as well as theology; who believe that doctrine must be so preached as to produce duty. Now there are several reasons why the arrow in this case does not hit the mark. The political preaching of Luther's days was the preaching of ministers in favour of "the powers that be." The Reformers were higher-law men. But the great body of the clergy were fervent believers in the divine right of Kings, Emperors, and the Pope. They were just like the same sort of men in our day, forever preaching in favour of the strong, and calling it Gospel; and when anybody preached in behalf of the weak and the poor, they were inveighed against as not preaching the Gospel. To uphold tyranny, to rivet authority, to insist upon obedience to earthly rulers as the cardinal virtue of humanity, this has been the marrow of Gospel preaching, with one sort of men, from the days of Tetzell to the days of Dr. Ross, who, being the adulterous son of his owner, holds and teaches that it was right that his mother should be a concubine, and that he should be born a slave.

Of such preachers it was that Luther spake. And well he spake of their throwing away their Bibles. A man preaching forever low politics has very little need of his Bible, unless it be to use it, as Satan did, to tempt God withal!

Now, in our day, the trouble of Satan, and the grief of his elect, editorial and ministerial, is not that we throw away the Bible, but that we *won't* throw it away; that we keep it, read it, interpret it, and sound its terrific truths in the ears of those ungodly men, in pulpit or on plantation, that dare desecrate humanity, and throw into the auctioneer's pen, for barter and sale, those for whom Christ died. If we would only let alone the Bible, we should be let alone by the whole synagogue of Satan. But now, since the Bible is our tower and fort, and we open its ports for the truths of divinity and humanity, the devil does anything but laugh. He sends commissions to editors in New York to clap commercial ministers on the back in Tennessee, and to say to them, "Do you search out all the virtues to be found in Slavery, and I will hunt for all the sores and weeds in Liberty, that, both of us together, we may betray Humanity." This is the echo of that which was done two thousand years ago, when thirty pieces of commerce on one side, and a treacherous disciple on the other, betrayed Christ.

What wonder? Christ came to declare the inestimable value of men in the sight of God. They slew him. He laid down his life not only as a redemption, but as a divine testimony to the value of men. They offered him a crown. He would not take sides with Kings and Rulers, and they gave him a cross.

In our day, if ministers would preach the rights of law, the rights of government, the privileges of authority, the prerogatives of masterhood, there would be no outcry about politics and the pulpit. But they preach the sacredness of manhood, the rights of the soul and of the body, the divine birthright of the meanest and lowest human creatures; they lift up the vision of the cross, and the groans of Christ are the voices of liberty to the slave, and His dying look is the star of their liberty, teaching them that the way of emancipation is through manhood, and that the way of manhood is through Christ; who was man that man might be encouraged to begin, and God, that we might find no end of the path upward. How can the servant expect to fare better than the master? For taking the side of men, Christ was crucified. For taking the side of men, all martyrdoms and heroic sufferings have been borne for eighteen hundred years; and for taking the side of men against oppressive power in our day, ministers are cursed by those whose curses must needs fall upon them as blessings. We never read the revilings of ungodly editors, secular and religious, without seeming to hear the benediction of Christ sounding out from them!

This is meant to hit those ministers who preach ethics as well as theology; who believe that doctrine must be so preached as to produce duty. Now there are several reasons why the arrow in this case does not hit the mark. The political preaching of Luther's days was the preaching of ministers in favour of "the powers that be." The Reformers were higher-law men. But the great body of the clergy were fervent believers in the divine right of Kings, Emperors, and the Pope. They were just like the same sort of men in our day, forever preaching in favour of the strong, and calling it Gospel; and when anybody preached in behalf of the weak and the poor, they were inveighed against as not preaching the Gospel. To uphold tyranny, to rivet authority, to insist upon obedience to earthly rulers as the cardinal virtue of humanity, this has been the marrow of Gospel preaching, with one sort of men, from the days of Tetzell to the days of Dr. Ross, who, being the adulterous son of his owner, holds and teaches that it was right that his mother should be a concubine, and that he should be born a slave.

Of such preachers it was that Luther spake. And well he spake of their throwing away their Bibles. A man preaching forever low politics has very little need of his B

South. I have none in her politicians. They are a curse (with some exceptions, perhaps) to the States. They are the cause of all the ferment and trouble in the land. The people of the South, in general, are just and honourable. They never demanded the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. That is the work of our political gamblers and swindlers, with your Northern doughfaces, jesuits, and traitors—such fellows as Douglas and Toombs living, Brooks and Butler dead and gone to judgment!"—*Independent.*

THE CHURCH TRIAL.

I WAS appointed preacher in charge on ——— Circuit. Soon after my arrival on the circuit, I was informed that Brother A., one of the most talented and influential men in that part of the country, had sold one or two of his negroes. It was also stated that there was no proof against him, though the negroes were missing; and that the Church was suffering in consequence of the report, as it was believed to be true. I was also informed that, if I attempted to investigate the charge, trouble might be expected; that the transgressor was a "rough man to handle"; and that he had never been defeated in any trial.

I was told that, some years previously, he had sold a young negro man. He sent the poor fellow to the negro buyer alone with a letter. The letter was to inform the trader that the bearer was the boy sold; and when the unfeeling savage attempted to tie him, he fought bravely, supposing that the purchaser was a kidnapper, exclaiming, "My master don't know that you are taking me away!" And such was his confidence in his master's word, it was impossible to convince him that he had been thus meanly sold; and he went South under the impression that he was kidnapped, and that his master did not know what had become of him. For this act he had been tried before the Church, when, by his overbearing temper, he frightened preacher and committee, and was acquitted.

Now, what was to be done? I was a stranger, so debilitated with chills and fever that all excitement had a tendency to prostrate me. And, since my arrival on the circuit, this gentleman had shown me the utmost kindness. My wife was sick, and I was pressed down with care. But conscience asserted her rights; and when I thought of the oppressed ones, I determined to investigate the affair. I knew, if I did anything at all, I must do it quickly. No member of the Church would stand responsible for anything. Determined to assume the responsibility, I drew up a charge specifying the offence, and sent it to him in a letter, over my own name, requesting him to meet me, before a Committee of seven, the next week. He readily promised to comply. The appointed time came. It was the day my chills came on, and I rode to the place of meeting with enfeebled body and heavy heart. The Committee met at the time agreed upon, and Mr. A. was there also. Knowing the Committee to be ignorant men, he felt certain of an easy victory. He received me with great kindness; but I could detect a lurking smile of contempt for the sick preacher and his ignorant Committee. He evidently anticipated a complete triumph, and was preparing to rejoice. We opened the business with prayer; and before I had time to state the object of the meeting, he arose, opened the letter I had sent him containing the charge, and, with the most contemptuous scowl I ever witnessed, commenced a speech. He addressed himself to me substantially as follows:

"*May it please your Reverence:* You have preferred a charge against me, and summoned me to appear before this Committee, on mere report, without any proof whatever; and I here let you know that you cannot compel me to testify against myself. Now prove to this Committee, if you can, that I sold the woman and child. I ask for proof, and defy you to do anything without it." He took his seat.

The Committee were alarmed, and commenced to speak one to another, saying, "There is no proof; we will have to acquit him"; &c., &c.

I arose and addressed him thus: "Bro. A.: I am aware that you are not required to convict yourself before a civil tribunal; but you are now before a Committee of your brethren, who cannot allow the truth to be suppressed and our Church injured by technicalities of law. Report says you are guilty of the crime specified. Your reputation is suffering; the Church of Christ is suffering; and we have brought the matter here for a fair and full investigation, and for the good of all concerned. Now, if you will say that you have not sold her, and that she is at home, then the matter will drop, and we will go out into the community and defend you; but if you have sold her, then don't stand here quibbling about proof. As an honest Christian man, you ought to affirm or deny the charge."

He immediately arose and said: "I sold her; that is more than I designed to admit when I came here; and I shall not tell you anything about the circumstances under which I sold her."

He contended that he had not broken the Discipline in selling her. He explained the rule, which reads thus, "the buying and selling of men, women and children, with an intention to enslave them," to mean, "trading in negroes."

I differed from him. The Committee brought in a verdict of guilty on his own admission, and I expelled him. He refused to appeal to the Quarterly Conference. I expected that he would be exceedingly angry; but he was calm after hearing the decision, and continued to hear me preach till his death. I had the satisfaction to know that he entertained no unkind feelings, for he remarked to a friend that I had done my duty. If he had refused to acknowledge the fact of the sale, he could have remained in the Church.

Now, I say, from my observation and experience, that a member of the Church can evade the rule about buying and selling in various ways; and that the only true course is to strike at negro-breeding in the Church. Let no slaveholder into the Church. Let him not be sheltered by the Discipline. It is impossible, in this wicked world, that any Church or society should have all good men in it. Some persons belonging to every Christian Church may swear and get drunk; but they cannot do it and appeal to their Church manuals as guaranteeing them the right to do so.

If we had a rule excluding slaveholders, we might still have members who would advocate slavery as something right and just, and vote for men that will sustain it; yet they could not appeal to the Church Discipline, and say, "This book gives me the right to do so; and you cannot put me out for holding in bondage my fellow-beings." As the Discipline now is, men can breed slaves for their children and grandchildren; and, when no white person is present, sell them with impunity. I could give facts of recent occurrence; but I forbear. This thing is done in all the Churches in slave territory that I am acquainted with, except among the Friends or Quakers.—*Pictures of Slavery, by Rev. John Dixon Long.*

THE MAN HUNT IN OHIO.

CLARK COUNTY SPEAKS.

Correspondence of The Cincinnati Gazette.

SOUTH CHARLESTON, Clark Co., O., June 20, 1857.

ON yesterday (Friday) morning notices were posted in our town and vicinity, headed "Public Meeting," inviting the citizens of town and country to meet at Pringle's Hall, South Charleston, at 8 o'clock, p. m., to determine what course should be pursued in the event of our citizens being arrested for helping the Sheriff and Constable of our County to execute the laws of Ohio *in* Ohio.

At the hour arrived, numbers of farmers, living from three to five miles [illegible] joined the ranks of anxious, earnest faces engaged in discussing the all-absorbing topic.

A few minutes after 8 o'clock, Pringle's Hall (the largest in town) was filled with sober, calm, earnest men, old, middle-aged and young, such a body of men as might have been found in the days of the Revolution, discussing their own and their country's welfare.

The meeting was organized by the appointment of a Chairman and Secretary. After the object of the meeting was stated, a committee of three was appointed to prepare resolutions expressive of the feelings of the audience.

During the absence of the Committee, speeches were made by several prominent citizens, who united in the sentiment that the law must and would be obeyed if properly executed, but that they *would not* be arrested by a set of drunken bullies, clothed with a little brief authority. If it must come, they would sacrifice life before they would be treated like dogs.

There was no exhibition of fanaticism by the speakers or in the audience, no broaching of higher law doctrines, no repudiating sentiments expressed, but a calm, prudent consideration of the questions: What shall be done? What are our rights as free citizens of Ohio?

The entire discussion, although participated in by the farmer, the mechanic, and the professional man, was harmonious—earnest without being fanatical, determined without being boisterous.

The Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions reported the following Preamble and Resolutions, which were adopted without a dissenting voice, after which (at 11 o'clock) the meeting adjourned:

PREAMBLE.

Whereas we have learned that one of our citizens, Dr. M. L. Houston, has been arrested upon authority of a U. S. Commissioner for the aid rendered by him to the Sheriff of our County in attempting to execute a writ of habeas corpus in the late "rescue case"; and whereas we have reason to believe that, for the same "offence," like warrants have been issued against several of our citizens; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we would deprecate and strive to prevent resistance to the proper execution of any legal warrant, emanating from State or National authority, *we will not*, for an imaginary offence, quietly allow our citizens to be seized by drunken U. S. Marshals or any other such officials, and, without an exhibition of authority or legal process, insulted, handcuffed, threatened with death, and finally hurried away from our midst like base criminals, *as our neighbours were* in the case now before the public.

Resolved, That we will not obstruct a posse of *decent, sober* Marshals in serving, in a proper manner, a legal writ, on any or all of our citizens, in this or any other case.

Resolved, That we do not regard the service of a writ of habeas corpus by State authority, in behalf of persons in the custody of U. S. Marshals, as "resisting" or "obstructing" the authority of the National Government.

Resolved, That we *heartily indorse* the conduct of those of our citizens who, at the command of the Sheriff, assisted him in arresting the U. S. Marshals, and we hereby pledge to them (in case of a prosecution), as far as necessary, our influence, our time, and our means, to aid them in securing justice, which we regard as an acquittal.

Resolved, That the partisan editors who have grossly and maliciously libelled our citizens in representing them as "traitors," and by discrediting their sworn statements (among whom, conspicuous for venom and meanness, is the editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*), have proved themselves to be beneath the contempt of all respectable persons.

Resolved, That we will make our town too hot to hold any spy or "informer," resident or foreign, who may be found prowling in our midst, endeavouring to involve our citizens in legal difficulties.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Cincinnati Daily *Gazette*, the Cincinnati Daily *Commercial*, the Springfield Daily *Nonpariel*, and the Springfield *Republic*, for publication. H. C. H.

FUGITIVE SLAVES IN CANADA.

AN OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD COMPANY.

Correspondence of The Chatham (C. W.) Freeman.

APRIL, 1857.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Nos. 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30—Jas. Massey, Perry Henry Trusty, George Rhoads, James Rhoads, George Washington, Sarah Elizabeth Rhoads and Child, Mary Elizabeth Stephenson.

Doubtless there was a sensation in "the camp" when this gang was found missing. James is a "likely"-looking young man of 20 years of age, dark, tall and sensible; and worth, I should judge, $1,600. He was owned by a farmer, "a crabbed kind of a man," grey-headed, with a broken leg. Drank very hard, at which times he would swear that he would "sell them all to Georgia." Fearing that this threat would be put into execution, James thought he would let no time be lost in getting on towards Canada, though he was entitled to his freedom at the age of 25. Left his father, four brothers, and two sisters. Also left his wife, to whom he had been married since last Christmas.

Perry is about 34 years of age, round made, of dark complexion, and looked quite gratified with his expedition, though he was not free from the sad thought of having left his wife and three children in the "*prison-house*," nor of the fact that his own dear mother was brutally stabbed to the heart with a butcher-knife, by her young *master*, while he (Perry) was a babe; nor of a more recent tragedy, by which a fellow-servant, only a short while before he fled, was also murdered by a stab in the groin from another young master. "Powerful bad" treatment, and no pay was the only reward poor Perry had ever received for his life services. Only remembered of his having received from his master, in all, 11 *cents*. Left a brother and sister in slavery. Perry is worth $1,200.

Geo. Rhoads is a young man of 25 years of age, chesnut colour, face round, and seemed to hate slavery heartily. He had come from under the control of a "crabbed" master, who "would swear when very much crossed," and "would drink moderately every day," except some times he would "take a *spree*." With all he was a member of the Presbyterian Church. Within the last two or three years he had sold a man and woman, hence George thought it was time to take warning. Accordingly, he felt it to be his duty to try for Canada. As his master had always declared that if one run off, he would sell the rest to Georgia, George very magnanimously concluded that, as an effort would have to be made, they had better leave their master with as few as possible to be troubled with selling. Consequently a consultation was had between the brothers, which resulted in the exit of a party of eight. The market price for George would be about $1,400.

James Rhoads, brother of George, is 23 years of age, size medium, colour dark, intelligent and manly, and would doubtless bring in Richmond market $1,700. He brought his wife and child with him, fortunately. In many ways he had been treated cruelly.

George Washington is only about 15 years of age, tall, dark and undeveloped mentally. Worth $700. He belonged to a certain Presbyterian who owned two men, three girls and a boy besides George. He was said to be sometimes "tolerable good," and "sometimes bad." Some were to be free shortly, but George was not amongst the number, hence thought he would start in time. He left his father and three sisters.

Sarah Elizabeth Rhoads, wife of James Rhoads, is 17 years of age, tall, dark young woman, who had had no chance for her improvement, except to work hard. Had a little girl child 8 months old. Mother and child worth $800.

Mary Elizabeth Stephenson is a promising-looking young woman of 20 years of age, chesnut colour and well made. Hard treatment had been her lot. Left her mother, two sisters and four brothers in bondage. Worth $1,100.

Instead of thirty cases, as stated in the beginning, on going over our memorandum, we find a babe had been overlooked, consequently we have thirty-one.

An account of No. 3 has been omitted for the reason that it appeared in the *Freeman* of the 18th of April under the heading of "Died," &c.

As few of the harrowing incidents and experience of slave life and bold achievements on the Underground Railroad as we have been permitted to narrate, nevertheless we trust some good will result to the cause which it concerns. VIGILANCE.

MISS FRANCES WATKINS.

ON Monday evening we heard this gifted young lady speak on behalf of her down-trodden race, at Hill's Airy Street Hall.

Miss Watkins is a bright quadroon and in person tall, slender and rather good-looking, and, when animated with the fervour inspired by the wrongs of her people, is graceful as a speaker. Her articulation and language is polished to the highest degree, and we have no hesitation in saying that she is the most eloquent woman we ever heard speak in public, excepting Lucy Stone. She appears to be about twenty-five years of age, is a native of Baltimore, and is evidently what orthodox people call pious. On this point we will just add that we bought her little book of poems and prose writings, which breathes a spirit of piety and unswerving faith, and, besides, gives evidence of high literary merit.

Her address was free from all denunciation and rant; and, confining her speech closely to facts and national wrongs, she appealed to the consciences of her hearers with a humble and supplicating pathos, and with an imaginative eloquence we have never heard excelled. She glorified our country as the freest on earth; she alluded to our grandeur as a nation, that goes abroad for the Kossuths and Koztas of liberty; she gloried in the free school and missionary operations of our people, when, turning with consummate address to the other stand-point, she asked, "Where, in the whole Union, can the slave-woman find a night's refuge, with her chattelized children, while chased by the hunter?" "Where is the 'city of refuge' for poor Bill Thomas at Wilkesbarre, or the woman who cut her child's throat rather than it should go back to slavery?" Want of room forbids our saying more of this polished address. We will just add that she said nothing to offend the politician or the religionist of any class, but enough to move the mind and conscience of any other than a heart of stone.—*Norristown (Pa.) Republican.*

CONTEMPTIBLE NARROWNESS.

THE *Christian Inquirer*, the courteous and able organ of the Unitarian denomination in New York, was sent gratuitously to the reading-room of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association, until the receipt by its publishers of the following note:

ROOMS OF BROOKLYN YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

To the Publishers of The Christian Enquirer.

GENTLEMEN: We find, on inquiry, that to your kind courtesy, in compliance with the suggestion of a private member of our Association, we are indebted for the gratuitous sending of your paper to our reading-room for a few weeks past.

We request of you its discontinuance, as we are unwilling to furnish at our rooms to those who frequent them facilities for the reading of papers representing views radically disagreeing with those of the Association on cardinal points of Christian doctrine, while at the same time we beg leave to assure you of our appreciation of your kindness, and to thank you for it.

Yours, very respectfully, JOHN M. DOUBLEDAY,
June 3, 1857. Chairman of Library Committee.

We like the *act* here enunciated—publishers who make haste to give away their journals deserve to be snubbed. The press will never be respected as it deserves until journalists stop coaxing people to read their lucubrations. We are often solicited to send our sheet for nothing; but we seldom comply, believing that those who do not think a paper worth paying for will seldom deem it worth reading. Whatever we want and seek of the products of other men's labour we are willing to pay for; and if anybody wants our products on a different basis, we infer that their want will easily be satisfied.

But Mr. Doubleday gives a very poor reason for a very proper act. Its "radically disagreeing with the views of the Association on cardinal points of Christian doctrine" is a first-rate reason why the *Inquirer* should have been taken by said body and paid for—$2 50 per annum in advance, and cheap as white beans at that. The essential purpose of the Association and its Library should be growth in knowledge and wisdom; and how is this to be obtained but by learning what is thought and urged by those whose views differ from their own? How *can* one increase in wisdom by reading only those who tell him just what he already knows, or thinks he knows? The *Inquirer* may hold very erroneous doctrines; but are not the members of this Association generally educated and intelligent? Have they not an overwhelming supply of Orthodox issues? And dare they not trust themselves to judge between truth and error, both placed fairly before them, and with every advantage on the side of truth? Mr. Doubleday seems to have borrowed the logic of that Caliph who burned the great Alexandrian library, and to have damaged it in the transfer. He should have borne in mind the caution of the old Judge to his young brother on the bench: "Give judgment promptly and clearly, but keep your reasons to yourself; for your decision will often be right, while the train of reasoning by which you arrive thereat will generally be faulty, and often positively wrong."—*Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1857.

THE LETTER OF "GREGORY."

WE print, in another column, a letter to the Boston *Traveller* from its correspondent in this city, a gentleman whose literary fame, whose reputation for manly eloquence, won in the late Presidential campaign, and whose honourable character, ensure his influence over others, and command a respectful hearing from ourselves. To such a commentary upon the course of the Abolitionists, made in so good-natured a spirit, though with so evident a misunderstanding of the merits of the case, we are impelled to reply. If we are presumptuous in measuring swords with such an antagonist, it is only because we rely upon the strength of our cause, and not upon the temper of our weapon, or our skill in fence.

And herein we have an advantage which our skilful opponent has not; for the justice of his cause is not that on which he places his chief reliance. As between two parties, the Abolitionists and those whom they criticise, the question with him is, not so much which is in the right as who they are, and what others may think of them. We, on the other hand, are not disposed to hold in light esteem any question of that sort, and are quite willing to grant all the superiority he can possibly claim over us in those particulars. For us it suffices if we can defend, with any success, that right for which the Abolitionists have contended for five-and-twenty years—that of private judgment and public comment; and show that, at least in the case before us, we have not abused our privilege.

It is not necessary, we think, for example, that in the controversy between Dr. Thompson and this paper, we should stop to consider whether our difference or our agreement with that reverend gentleman shall be most agreeable to any Hon. Jeff. or Hon. Rass. in the country, either of the kind slave-driver, or the kind doughface. The only matter of moment, as we conceive, is not what others may think, but how far we are right. We hold up on the point of our critical needle, and bring under the focus of our glass, as a naturalist does an insect, the special champion of the present position of the Tract Society, and the editor of the most influential religious journal in the country. And as the naturalist, for the sake of convenience, and for the purpose of future identification and reference, pins up his bug in its proper place, so we also wish, for like reasons, to classify and preserve this particular specimen of an evangelical editor and teacher of morals and religion. To the gentleman so impaled we know it is not agreeable. We probably should not find it so in his place; and we are sincerely sorry of being under the necessity of hurting his little feelings now, as we have been in times past when impelled to a similar ungracious work. But we have a conscientious conviction of the necessity that precisely what the Tract Society has done, and precisely what it has not done, should be distinctly and clearly set forth; and if Dr. Thompson chooses, as editor and public speaker, to make himself its mouth-piece and champion, we cannot choose but accept and examine him accordingly. Neither the apprehension of the smiles or the frowns of the honourable gentlemen referred to, whether of the North or South, can deter us; though indeed they are not so sagacious, as we think some of them to be, if they do not rather withhold their looks of approbation till that looked-for time comes when the anti-slavery cause is safely in the hands of popular Doctors of Divinity and a popular religious press. They keep their blandest and broadest smiles, we fancy, for that happy period when there shall be no more Garrisons and STANDARDS in the land. It is our agreement and not our disagreement with such men as Dr. Thompson, and such papers as *The Independent*, that would best please them, if they knew when they ought to be pleased.

It was not our good fortune to have the pleasure of listening to any of those stirring appeals made to his fellow-citizens, during the last Summer and Autumn, by the correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, and we cannot, therefore, assert that he ever assured them that the question between the Democrats and Republicans was not one of Abolitionism—that the Republicans were not Abolitionists—that they did not propose to meddle with slavery in the States. But if he did not, others did. The assurance has been repeatedly, and carefully, and earnestly made by Republican lecturers, by resolutions of Republican Conventions, and by Republican members of both Houses of Congress. We have their own word for it in a thousand instances, and in a thousand ways, that their work is not ours. Now, "Gregory" has too often tilted with "the lance of wit, eloquence and invective" at all the world who differed from him on the great question of the Extension of Slavery not to acknowledge that it is a legitimate weapon to wield against the existence of an evil which, to extend merely, is so great a wrong. Would he forbid us the use of what he handles so well? And if we find the Republicans as our opponents, with the rest of the world, shall we raise our lance in salutation rather than put it in rest? But he assures us that they are not as other men, but are "striving hard to do the work they (we) wish done." Here, after all, is the very gist of the difficulty. With us, as in the letter before us, they profess, on rare occasions, when it suits them, in a confidential whisper and rather an inveigling manner, to be striving for a common object. But with our enemies, they declare it on the house-top, they proclaim it, as it were, to the skies and a listening world, that our purpose is not theirs. When are we to believe them? By which declaration shall we govern our conduct and our speech? Doubtless it would suit them best if we would only listen when they take us by the button in that friendly way, and govern ourselves accordingly. But they are either for us or against us; or for us in a measure, or against us in a measure. Herein we must judge for ourselves; and having judged, we have something to say about it. For, whether correctly or not, we are very firmly persuaded that we are not yet discharged from a duty, in relation to slavery, which we believe devolves upon us, in common with all other Americans, and which, for a quarter of a century, we have endeavoured, in our poor way, to fulfil.

Accordingly, having compassion on the infirmity of their youth, and on the difficulties of their position, we believe our Republican friends always; but it is in our own way. Undoubtedly many among them are earnest Abolitionists, sincerely desire the Abolition of Slavery, and expect, though not wisely, to accomplish it by Republicanism. But these individuals are not the party; *that* neither aims at nor wishes the Abolition of Slavery. Its wisest men know that a political party with such an avowed purpose, as a party, could never succeed; and that if it ever succeeded, it could never carry such a measure. It may, whether it ever achieves political success or not (most if it does not), check the extension of slavery, and arrest the Slave Power in its gigantic strides to despotism. Herein we hail it as a friend and an ally. But there is a greater work than this to do, and therein it is neither ally nor friend of ours. It denies us and repudiates us. Our lecturing agents find no influence so potent against them as that of Republicans; no men so earnest as these to seal up the ears of the people against their words. There are no journals—we acknowledge promptly and gratefully the exceptions—so closely shut against us as theirs, and none which so persistently, so systematically and so pitifully malign and misrepresent us. Shall we shut our eyes to these things and close our mouths? Such has never been our habit, and the trick is too new an one for such old dogs to learn. Whatever good there may be in Republicanism we are careful to acknowledge. That good is the essential condition of their existence at all as a party, and is therefore involuntary. We see also the evil, and that we know comes of their own volition. Their virtue they cannot help, if they would; in vice they are free agents.

If these seem hard things to say, they are easily explained. Abolitionism is so much material ready-made to the hands of Republicanism, if it can only absorb it. To accomplish that, it is necessary that Abolitionists should be persuaded that Republicanism will do their work. But if they will not be persuaded nor absorbed, but, on the contrary, persist in believing the other declaration, that Republicanism neither is nor can be Abolitionism, and act accordingly, then they become an influence which it is desirable to get rid of speedily and without scruple. Such an influence is intractable for the benefit of party, while its name is constantly thrown at the head of Republicanism by its enemies as a reproach. It was a grievous thing in the late campaign that the Democrats had two such live men to point at as Garrison and Phillips, and could find tens of thousands of voters who would believe that they represented what Republicanism is, or is coming to; and it reduced Mr. Greeley to the desperate alternative of doing what was little better than forgery, in an attempt to escape an imputation so damaging to the prospects of himself and his political partisans. Should Garrison and Phillips, and their associates be properly enrolled in Mr. Greeley's company, or, what would be just as well, consent to be nowhere at all, how great a stumbling-block would be removed out of the path of the Republican party!

No; the mistake of "Gregory" is the common one of those who will not, or cannot, see that we have not a common object. We are not on the same bear-hunt with the avowed purpose of killing the bear—Republican hunters at all sorts being witnesses. We do not object to all joining in this hunt who will; but we do object when Henry, or Horace, or any other of the bear-baiters, declare that to cut off a leg, or an ear, or a paw, is to finish the animal. Let them maim or disfigure the beast as much as they will, but we are not to be persuaded that that kills him, and that we and our children are, for the future, safe from his ravages. We know very well that there is a bear to kill, and that we cannot kill him alone. We have three things to do then: to show the people that the beast is a terrible beast; to convince them that in its death is our only safety; and to point out what we honestly consider the surest, and indeed the only, way of reaching that end. And when there start up in our path men wise, skilful and influential, who would persuade the people that they only need to cut off the creature's tail and then go home and sleep in peace, satisfied that the work is done, it becomes a part of our duty to protest as loudly and as earnestly as we can against such false and absurd venery. Nothing will satisfy us short of cutting his throat; nor are we to be warned off the field by those who insist that the cut away at the other end is the same thing; nor shall we cease to expostulate with them, and to warn the bystanders that the error is as fatal as it is preposterous.

Nor is this the only mistake of our lively friend. It is by no means true, as he seems to think, that we are in pursuit of his associates with all sorts of railing and other frantic objurgations, while forgetful of the game which we pretend to be following. The shouts and the clamour are all on the other side. It is we who are vilified, misrepresented and abused, and not the Republicans. We give them credit for all they can do, or pretend to do, in behalf of the anti-slavery cause, and at the same time honestly and frankly show how far short their plans and professions are of accomplishing that which anti-slavery proposes. This is a part of our legitimate work, and more especially with a party which sometimes, by some of its mouth-pieces, as in this letter, offers itself as the party of Abolition, sometimes, and more authoritatively declares that it has no such character; and which, we know, can never reach the slave so long as it holds to its political organization under the Constitution. But we have not noted to us the measure that we mete. It is not in this temper that the Republicans deal with us. We referred just now to the course pursued by Mr. Greeley, last Autumn, in attempting to give to words of Mr. Garrison a meaning inconsistent with his whole life, that thereby a few votes might be secured to the Republican party, regardless of the contempt and distrust which might thereby be created in the minds of honest, but ignorant, persons, not merely toward individual Abolitionists, but toward the whole anti-slavery movement. Has such an act ever been perpetrated by any Abolitionist toward the Republican party, or a Republican leader? Is there a servant among us dog enough to do such a thing? The very circumstance which called forth this letter is another case in point. A reporter from the Boston *Traveller* goes from the New England Convention with an honest report to his chief, who sits down quietly in his office and so mutilates, and interlards, and twists, and disguises it that it becomes, in his hands, a mere travesty, and base caricature of that meeting, and as such is presented to the world as a true portrait. The meeting so outraged, and of course exposed such baseness in the editor of the leading Republican journal of New England; and then followed, day after day, such columns of vulgar abuse and libellous misrepresentation as was to be expected from the man who, only a few years ago, was the head of a pro-slavery mob in Springfield. And for all this what was the provocation? The New England Convention had simply presumed to examine the principles of the Republican party.

We will venture to predict that if "Gregory" will keep his eyes open, and his sense of justice unobscured for the future, to the several commentaries of Abolition Conventions and papers, and of the Republican journals, he will see reason to shift the charge of "insult and invective" which he now lays so readily upon us; or else the mere instinct of a gentleman, which prompts him to pass over so lightly the "battle" of the *Traveller*, will stay him from adding the lightest breath of censure to the storm of misrepresentation, and abuse, and violence which has, from the beginning, blown with unwavering steadiness, for their cause's sake, upon the devoted heads of the Abolitionists. Did he happen to observe, for instance, the following little paragraph in the *N. Y. Tribune* of a few days ago, appended to a list of Resolutions passed at an Anti-Slavery Convention, and sent by some attentive friend, in a respectful note, for publication in that paper?

"Bosh! Mr. J. A. H.! Your resolves to 'make every just and proper effort' against the Slave Power and its servitors are gas—humbug—flummery—fallacy—so long as you refuse to *vote* against them.—*Ed. Trib.*"

And if he will refer again to the speech of Senator Wilson, which he says we "wilfully distort from its meaning," he will find there a very unequivocal expression of that gentleman's willingness to see us all swing from a gibbet. But why multiply instances? The man who doubts to which side the charge of personal insult and invective attaches, as between the Abolitionists and their opponents of every kind, would hesitate to believe that Lovejoy was murdered; that Pennsylvania Hall was burnt by a mob; that Garrison was lodged in Leveret Street Jail to secure him against the gentlemen of property and standing in that city; that Rynders ever came down, "like a wolf on the fold," at an Anti-Slavery Meeting in the Tabernacle; that, in short, the path of the Anti-Slavery lecturer has not been strewn with roses and olive-branches; and that the Abolitionist has not walked through life honoured and applauded among men as a Christian and a patriot for his work's sake.

If space permitted us, we should be glad to follow the *Traveller's* correspondent into the argument on our Constitutional obligations. We, at least, must remind him that the Fugitive Slave Law is not the Constitution, and that a refusal to return fugitives under that act does by no means free the citizen, as he seems to think, from all complicity with a slaveholding government. It strikes us as a singular *non sequitur* if the difference between Seward, and Sumner, and Wilson and Giddings and ourselves be an open question, that therefore we should hold our tongues. Some of these gentlemen, at least, agree with us in our, and the popular, interpretation of the Constitution, and "Gregory" himself would seem to do so. The question between us and them is merely the sanctity of a solemn oath. In America alone, of all other Christian countries, it is an open question whether that is to be kept or disregarded; and so long as the question remains thus open here, we are disposed to put it to the conscience of every "private citizen of honour" how he can take an oath he means to break. It is the strongest evidence of how demoralized we have become as a people that so simple a question, which everywhere else in the civilized world, would be an insult to the private sense of honour in every man in the community, is sneered at among us, as denoting in the querist an impracticable spirit, and a querulous tenderness of conscience both contemptible and absurd. What is to become of a people in whom the sense of personal honour is so dead that to remind them of the obligation of an oath is to expose oneself to the imputation of being either a fool or a madman?

COLOURPHOBIA IN THE NORMAL SCHOOL.—The Normal School for Girls had a grand exhibition, a few days since, at the Academy of Music, when the graduating class received their diplomas amid the cheers of an admiring crowd. Two young women, who passed a successful examination, were denied the privilege of appearing with their fellow-pupils and sharing with them the pleasures and honours of the occasion, for no reason except that God had given them a darker complexion than that of their sisters. On this account they were compelled to receive their diplomas in private. This fact is disgraceful to the Board of Education, and a reproach to the city which does not with one voice protest against it.

UNFAITHFULNESS OF THE CHURCH AND THE CLERGY TO THEIR OWN STANDARD.

"Every slaveholder is a man-stealer; and every nation of slaveholders is a nation of man-stealers."

SUCH is the position now taken by Dr. Cheever, who seems to lead the van of that small portion of the clergy who speak against slavery, and the energy of whose speech looks as if they designed to *act* against it.

Paul, in his first epistle to Timothy, ranks men-stealers with murderers, whoremongers, liars and perjured persons. The American Churches admit men-stealers to baptism, the communion of the Lord's supper, and full recognition, in every way, as Christians. Which of these positions will Dr. Cheever take? As pastor of a Church, he has an official voice in the admission of members; as one of a large order of men claiming to be "Christian ministers," he has a duty in regard to the preservation of purity in that body, and is bound to vigilance in watching, and faithfulness in protestation, against its practical connivance with sin; as a prominent leader in one of a circle of religious sects which are accustomed mutually to compliment each other as "Evangelical," and which are affiliated in the support of various departments of proselytism, it is his duty to see that *this* copartnership be not made the minister of sin, without his open and energetic protest; and finally, as a well-known and valued writer in the "religious press," he is bound to use that instrumentality in the correction of religious error, and an error of the Church not less than one of "the world."

What will Dr. Cheever do, in the matter of the church-membership of slaveholders? What will he do in regard to the authentication of ministers who defend slavery from the Bible, as ministers *of the Gospel?*

These things yet wait to be decided. Since so much remains to be done for the purification of a slaveholding Church, it would seem that Dr. Cheever can hardly stand still, but must either retract some of his prophetic utterances against slavery and slaveholders, or go forward to some of those further steps which form the inevitable logical sequence of his recent movements. We earnestly hope that he may prove as valiant for the truth against the bulwark of slavery as against slavery herself.

But, meantime, some of Dr. Cheever's associates in the ministry and the "religious press," though applauding what he says (now that *he* says it, though they were silent when *The Liberator* said it long before) of the inseparable viciousness and anti-Christian character of slaveholding, yet seem inclined to insist that it be not cast out of the Church—that it still have shelter and sanctuary, as the grossest criminals of all sorts formerly had, at the horns of the altar. They have talked for years past as if they felt a great detestation for slavery, and would be glad to tear off the cloak of religion in which it sheltered its hideous deformities, but were withheld by the fear that in so doing they would damage the reputation of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The Abolitionists long ago refuted and exploded this monstrous pretence of the slaveholders, and vindicated the Bible from the calumnious charge thrust upon it by Southern and Northern clergymen, of being a pro-slavery book; but even those ministers at the North who ought, by their professional duty and obligation, to have made the *first* discovery and proclamation of this truth, and to whom it would have been comparatively easy, since they certainly bore no good will to slavery for its own sake, instead of echoing and swelling this cry when it was first raised by the Abolitionists, shut their eyes and stopped their ears, and gnashed their teeth against those who reminded them of this duty, but held fast to the slaveholding "brethren." Now, when Dr. Cheever, a prophet of their own, says the very same things that Garrison said twenty-seven years ago (respecting the utter opposition of God, and Christ, and the Bible, to slavery), they applaud him, and echo him, and urge their hearers and readers to "mark him, and write his speeches in their books." But, instead of following up this position to its necessary logical consequences, and admitting their own past error and folly in having conceded slaveholders to be Christians, and taking immediate measures towards their removal from every institution the members of which are, *ex officio*, assumed to be Christians, they *act* and *speak* as if, after all, Dr. Cheever's words were *not* true, and as if slaveholding were *not* incompatible with Christianity. To refer to two of the cases in which the inconsistency we are speaking of has been most gross and obvious, *The Independent*, of this city, and *The Congregationalist*, of Boston, still admit slaveholders, and defenders of slavery from the Bible, to be Christians and Christian ministers.

The editors of these newspapers further abuse the wide-spread and deep-rooted influence which they exert in the double capacity of editors and clergymen, by turning the newly-awakened interest of their readers and hearers in behalf of the slave away from those channels in which it would practically operate to aid him. Thus, when the immensely important question comes up, whether the millions of readers of the American Tract Society's publications shall have the truth in relation to slavery spread before them, by placing six opponents of slavery on the Publishing Committee, instead of the six defenders of it who now constitute that body, the editor of *The Independent* expresses his confidence in the Christian character of South-side Adams, and volunteers the public statement of his opinion that the Tract Society, in seeking "to promote the interests of vital godliness and good morals," is *not* called upon to enjoin immediate emancipation as the duty of slaveholders; and the editor of *The Congregationalist* as openly says that he "would not have the Society—take up the question of admitting slave-owners to the communion-table"; that "topics of this character should be ruled out as one-sided and partisan"; and that he "does not want an Abolitionist on the Publishing Committee."

Are not sentiments like these utterly inconsistent with the declarations made by Dr. Cheever and applauded by the editors above-mentioned—that slaveholding is a *sin*—that every slaveholder is a man-stealer—that if the Church and the ministry fail to proclaim this truth, they *consent* to sin—that there is no apology for their silence—that it is owing to *their* unfaithfulness that slavery was not long since abolished—and that if they still seek, like Jonah, to evade the utterance of God's message, He will provide a whale to swallow them?

As Anti-Slavery labourers, we have nothing to do with the Churches or the clergy except in their relation to the slave. We have been faithful to them in warning, admonition and rebuke, for their long-continued and aggravated complicity with slaveholders in their ecclesiastical relations, and we have never failed to give due credit to the few Churches and the few clergymen who have taken the anti-slavery position which religion and humanity alike require. But, in view of the long course of years, during which *all* the Churches and preachers of the popular religion have committed Jonah's sin of silence, in relation to this matter, and in view of the tardy, hesitating, weak, defective, self-contradictory and inefficient utterance of the few who have yet begun to speak upon it, it would not be strange—it would at least be a fine example of retributive justice—if Anti-Slavery were the whale which God has provided to swallow them.

PARENTAGE OF DR. ROSS.

THE story that the Rev. Dr. Ross, the champion of Slavery in the New School Presbyterian Church, was the offspring of an adulterous alliance on the part of his father with one of his own slaves, having been discredited in certain quarters, the *Cleveland Leader* makes the following statement, which would seem to put the truth of the story beyond doubt.

"There is not the least cause to doubt the truth of the statement that the mother of Dr. Ross *was the slave of his father.* The source from which the first statement of this fact emanated was such as to secure the confidence of the public (a letter from Asa Turner in the Chicago *Congregational Herald*). But, in order to settle the matter, when Dr. Ross was in this city, we called attention to the statement, and requested him to *deny it if it were not true*, offering him the use of our columns, for the publication of any statement he might think fit to make. *He was silent*—thus as emphatically acknowledging the truth of the allegations of Dr. Nelson as if he corroborated them over his own signature. There was no imaginable reason why (if his mother was a *Portuguese*, and not a slave) he should not promptly and publicly deny the calumny, and thus clear at once his own character, and the memory of his parents from so false and slanderous an imputation. The story was in every newspaper of the land—it was poisoning the public heart against him—it was covering his name with the infamy of *treachery to his race, want of all manly self-respect, dishonour to his parents, and disgrace to Christianity*, and yet Mr. Howe would have us believe that he submitted to all this, permitted the falsehood to go forth uncontradicted, when a simple statement of the fact would have obliged his assailants either to have proved their assertions or acknowledged the falsity of the slander, thus triumphantly clearing his name from this great reproach, and performing an act of filial duty! If what Mr. Howe states were true, Dr Ross would be a meaner man and a greater fool than we supposed him to be. To be silent under such circumstances would show an entire want of manhood—an imbecile folly which would convert all indignation heretofore felt into simple contempt. The statement of Mr. Howe, in view of these facts

POLITICS.

THE Republicans are confident that they have elected a majority of the delegates to the Constitutional Convention of Minnesota.

The Milwaukee *Free Democrat*, speaking of the prospects of political parties in Wisconsin, says:

"The Republican party was never so united and determined as now. There are no divisions, no disagreements, no heart-burnings, no factions, and no disposition to push this man or that man forward, as a candidate for the honours of the party, against the general voice, but, as far as we can learn, a common desire and purpose to consult the best interests of the party, and to put forward such candidates in the coming canvass as will best unite and strengthen the party, and advance the Republican cause. In this state of things, there is no hope of success for the Hunkers."

Nathaniel P. Banks has been nominated by the Republican Convention of Massachusetts as the candidate of that party for Governor. He was first nominated by a wing of the Know-Nothings, on which account, and from a distrust of his soundness in the Republican faith, a minority of the Convention was much dissatisfied with its action. Many of the more earnest anti-slavery men in the party regard him as a trimmer. Mr. Banks has accepted the second nomination, as he did the first, in a smoothly-worded epistle, in which he professes a decided hostility to the further extension of slavery, or to the increase of its political power, and declares his conviction that Congress has sovereign power over the Territories, and that it is its duty to prohibit slavery and polygamy therein. He also condemns the Dred Scott decision in strong terms. We suppose it is certain as any future event *can* be that Mr. Banks will be elected, and, though he is not the man for the crisis, his administration cannot fail to be a great improvement upon that of Henry J. Gardner. We hope the Legislature next to be chosen will give him an opportunity to remove, or refuse to remove, Commissioner Loring from his Probate Judgeship.

The Democratic party of Virginia is composed of two factions, each fiercely struggling for supremacy and "the spoils." Gov. Wise is the leader of one of these divisions, while Senator Hunter is at the head of the other. Gov. Wise and his followers are in favour at Washington, and it is the intention to elect him to the Senate next Winter, displacing Hunter at the end of his term. Hunter resists, and, as he is personally popular, will no doubt make a desperate fight. The Richmond *Enquirer* is the organ of the Wise faction, while *The South* does battle in behalf of the Hunter division. The latter affects a hotter zeal and a more uncompromising spirit in behalf of slavery than is exhibited by the *Enquirer*, which is charged with pursuing a temporizing policy in order to favour the Administration in its efforts to hold its ground at the North. *The South* denounces the policy of Gov. Walker in Kansas as treason to the slaveholding interest, while the *Enquirer* either supports that policy or silently acquiesces therein. The fight is certainly an interesting one to the spectators, but whoever supposes it to involve anything more than a struggle for the loaves and fishes is certainly deceived. The two factions may seem to differ widely on the slavery question, and to be in danger of a permanent split, but they are only two wings of the same army, each alike holding slavery paramount, and ready, whenever the interests of the institution require, to consolidate into one compact phalanx. The Slave Power finds it necessary that a part of its leagued hosts, in order to keep firm possession of the National Government, should at times affect a conservative policy and *seem* to yield something to the North, while on the other hand it employs another wing of its army to hold a rod *in terrorem* over the head of the President, to denounce as treason to the South every measure that is not dictated by a supreme regard to slavery, and to frighten the Northern doughfaces by threats of secession and war. A knowledge of this fact will enable the friends of freedom to understand the movements of the Southern Oligarchy and to realize how little ground there is for hope that it will ever execute its threats of withdrawing from the Union.

SUICIDE OF CAPT. DRAYTON.—Capt. Daniel Drayton, of the schooner Pearl, whose attempt, in 1848, to convey 70 slaves in that vessel from Washington to Philadelphia will be remembered by our readers, and who was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment and pardoned by President Fillmore after four years' incarceration, committed suicide at New Bedford, Mass., on the 24th ult. The New Bedford *Standard* gives the following account of the circumstances and sufferings that led to the deed:

"Since his release, Captain Drayton has travelled in the free States, selling his personal narrative and other anti-slavery works and speaking for the anti-slavery cause. He has frequently visited New Bedford, and usually called upon us; and we rejoiced as much to take him by the hand as we do to greet one of the venerable Revolutionary patriots whose stubborn 'fanaticism' for liberty will be celebrated next week.

"Capt. Drayton's health was completely shattered by the hardships he had undergone at the hands of the kidnappers. Not having been able to pursue any active business, or resume his old calling as a mariner, Captain Drayton has maintained himself and family by the sale of books, as aforesaid, and by private contributions. He was a native of New Jersey, born in 1802, was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and leaves a widow and several children. He was a tall, spare man, with a very resolute look, and frank, engaging manners.

"In consequence of low spirits, induced by broken health, Captain Drayton has probably for some time meditated self-destruction. He met an old friend, Wm. Bush, of this city, on Wednesday last, and observed that he came here to die, and wished to be properly interred. Capt. Drayton stopped at the Mansion House, in this city, on Wednesday evening; entered his name as from Philadelphia; took a room, without supper, and requested not to be called, as he was exhausted and nearly sick for want of rest. He retired to his room at 6 p. m. on Wednesday; and not appearing by 4 p. m. yesterday, the door was broken open. He was found lying upon the floor in an easy position, with a laudanum vial—in which he had obtained one and a half ounces at a drug store in this city—empty on the table. He had also severed arteries in both legs, with a view, doubtless, of preventing spasms from the effects of laudanum. By these wounds he lost considerable blood in a wash-basin. He had no baggage, but about $12 in money was found upon his person."

Captain Drayton spent the last Winter in the Sailors' Snug Harbour, on Staten Island, where he might have had a permanent and comfortable home, if the state of his mind had not been such as to make life a burden. We have no doubt but he was partially deranged.

FATHER HOWELLS.—The death of HENRY C. HOWELLS was announced in THE STANDARD of the 20th ult., in the words of one who knew and loved him; but our feelings prompt us to copy from *The Liberator* a tribute which, from internal evidence alone, we presume was penned by THEODORE D. WELD.

"A good man's life cannot be put into words; it can only be *lived*; its deeds are its chronicles, itself its only adequate expression.

"Just such a life was that of Father Howells. Each day spoke its emphatic words, and every day the same. Incessant and all alive in doing good, cheerful, even exultant in multiform sufferings for righteousness' sake—a moral hero, found always where blows were thickest—he toiled, testified, dared, endured unto the end, and came off conqueror.

"Though a consuming fire against great wrongs like that of slavery, yet he was gentle and simple as a child, alike yielding as air, and immovable as the hills—modest, considerate, courteous, gushing with sympathy, fresh, genial, transparent, his face all a-glow, and his words quick with the life of his great heart, no marvel that every one, who had a soul, felt the thrill of his presence, and said it is good to be here.

"Father Howells was identified with all the moral reforms of the day; but to the anti-slavery movement, as the most fundamental, he gave himself with an absorbing devotion.

"Immediately after his removal from England, and settlement in Southern Ohio (1832), he began to lecture on the subject of slavery, and at once became the two-fold victim of pro-slavery malignity and national prejudice and intolerance. The sufferings of himself and his family, from these causes, were hardly paralleled during the reign of terror then prevailing in that bloodiest field of American pro-slavery mobocracy. Who that knew him can repress the exclamation, 'Well done, good and faithful servant!' 'Thou has borne, and laboured, and not fainted.' Indellible is thy record on a multitude of hearts.

"On the evening of the 10th of June, as the sun was going down, the old and the young of our little village and schools gathered on the hill-side, among the evergreens, and laid the dear form in the quiet bed made ready for its rest. As we stood around, loving hands strewed flowers, and eyes unused to weeping gushed with tears, while our farewell hymn rose tremulous upon the hushed evening air."

PARADE OF COLOURED FREEMASONS.—We copy from the Philadelphia Sunday *Dispatch* the following account of the recent parade of the coloured Freemasons of that city.

"The parade of the coloured Freemasons on Wednesday last, in honour of the dedication of their new Hall, was a very creditable affair. The members were all well dressed, respectable in appearance, and gentlemanly in their deportment. The banners were in good taste, the regalia handsome, and every participant went through his allotted part in the ceremony with dignity and gravity. It was somewhat of a novelty to see the coloured bands of musicians in this parade. Since the days of Frank Johnson, the white musicians have nearly driven the dark melodists from the vocation. The coloured brethren seem to mingle Ancient York Masonry with the Scotch rite. Their charter comes from England. They are not recognised by American white Freemasons of the Ancient York ritual. The African Blue Lodges, as appeared by their banners on Wednesday, claimed to be of the Ancient York dispensation, and the Royal Arch Chapters are engrafted upon the same ritual, as are the Knight Templars. We were pleased to see that a strong detachment of police was ordered by Mayor Vaux to attend the procession and protect it from insult. It showed that there was a proper disposition in the Mayor to guard the weak against the possibility of invasion by the strong. The officers were engaged in an honourable duty, and it is a subject for congratulation that nothing was done on the part of our sometimes unruly population to interfere with the procession. A very marked and very creditable change, in this particular, is noticeable of late years. It is a sign of a healthy reformation in public opinion; and it is a guarantee that the savage and riotous spirit which, between 1834 and 1840, condemned every coloured man to insult and injury, merely upon account of the hue of his skin, has happily abated."

It is not long since a venerable member of the Society of Friends, residing near Philadelphia, insisted, in a letter addressed to us, that the Abolitionists had done the free coloured people an injury by irritating and deepening the prejudice under which they have so long suffered. We assured him that, on the contrary, they had done much for the removal of that prejudice, and that it had greatly abated wherever their influence had been much felt. He may see in the facts above stated evidence of the soundness of our position and the weakness of his own.

THE TRACT SOCIETY.—It will be perceived, from a correspondence which will be found on the first page, that the American Tract Society have unanimously decided that the tract written by CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, of Boston, upon "The Family Relation as affected by Slavery," and for which an American merchant at Glasgow, Scotland, paid a premium of $200, "is not adapted for publication" by that Society, though "approved by three eminent evangelical clergymen and one distinguished layman," and confessedly "written in a kind and Christian spirit and in an exemplary tone of Christian moderation." This decision, it seems, was communicated to Dr. Thompson of *The Independent* as early as the 13th of April; and yet, with this fact before him, he did not hesitate, at the annual meeting of the Society a month later, to move the acceptance of the resolutions of the Committee of Investigation, expressing unqualified confidence in the "fidelity" and "wisdom" of the Executive Committee! Is there any degree of stultification beyond or below this? The rejected tract, alike in respect to its topic and the mode of its discussion, was unquestionably consistent with the conditions of publication imposed by the Committee of Investigation, *as interpreted by The Independent*; and therefore, if the Society publishes anything on the subject of slavery hereafter which that paper can consistently accept as satisfactory, it will thereby stultify itself. Does Dr. Thompson believe that the judgment or policy of the Executive Committee was changed between the 13th of April and the 14th of May, and that they are now prepared to do what they then refused to perform? If he does, let him resubmit Mr. Whipple's tract to the Committee, and see what they will do with it. If they accept and publish it, we will gladly give them credit for the act and for the change of policy or principle thereby implied; if they again reject it, they will furnish indubitable evidence that the confidence expressed by Dr. Thompson in their "fidelity" and "wisdom" was a piece of pious jugglery intended to cover a fraud.

ANTI-SLAVERY ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONALISTS often claim that *their* denomination occupies a consistent anti-slavery position, and ought therefore to be exempt from the censures which Abolitionists justly bestow upon the Presbyterians; and it is undoubtedly true that the anti-slavery sentiment is stronger in the Orthodox Churches of New England than in those of other portions of the country, if we except the Congregational and a few of the Presbyterian Churches of the West. But the Congregational Churches of New England are still pervaded, to a great extent, by the pro-slavery spirit. Influential ministers and laymen, the open defenders and apologists of slavery, are acknowledged and treated as *Christians, in good standing*, by the professedly anti-slavery portion of the Church. We have often stated and illustrated this truth, and now we invite attention to an article, under the pro-slavery head, from the *New York Observer*, which goes to confirm our oft-repeated statements as to the prevalence of pro-slavery hunkerism in the Congregational Churches of Massachusetts. The writer, a country pastor, thinks the opposition to Dr. South-Side Adams much weaker than is generally supposed, and does not hesitate to remind his anti-slavery brethren that their "earnest professions of love and confidence" for that eminent defender of slavery, when viewed in the light of their conduct toward him, in seeking his removal from the Committee of the Tract Society, "look very much like hypocrisy." And it is right. Such professions on their part are the acme of self-stultification, and imply either gross ignorance or disgusting insincerity. If they earnestly believe that slaveholding is a sin and crime, why do they persist in honouring as Christians and Christian ministers its prominent defenders and apologists? This pro slavery Massachusetts pastor has a keen sense of their inconsistency, and they certainly deserve his rebuke.

A WORD IN SEASON.—Few men have received higher honours from the Orthodox sects in the United States than have been bestowed upon the Rev. John Angel James, of Birmingham, Eng. Under date of May 9th, writing to the Rev. Dr. Patton, he gives utterance to the following testimony. We copy from *The Independent*.

"The decision of your Supreme Court fills us with astonishment, horror, and indignation. It is, indeed, the most terrible outrage upon humanity that has been perpetrated for ages, and will do more to lower the moral character of your country than even the present system of slavery. All Europe and the whole civilized world will blush for you. It is the first time that I know of when a whole race was put without the pale of social life on account of the colour of their skin. Will your country submit to it? Can it be conceived that the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers will bow to so horrible a rebellion against the precepts of Christianity and the dictates of reason?

"My dear brother, what are the Eastern States about that they do not rise *en masse* against this dictum of a few men upon the bench? However, there is one hope. It is so bad, and shows so clearly the advance of the slavocracy in your country, that it must help on, eventually, the cause of abolition. The American Union of the States appears to me to be becoming an idol, before which your people are willing to make the most costly sacrifices of moral principles. Anything, so that the Union be preserved. If it is attempted to be preserved in this way, God, with one of the thunder-bolts of his vengeance, will, by-and-by, shiver it to pieces.

"I read with admiration Cheever's eloquent papers in *The Independent*. Oh, he is a noble champion, not only for the rights of the negro, but for the honour of your country!"

TERRIBLE DISASTER.—On Friday evening, the 26th ult., the steamer Montreal left Quebec for the city whose name she bore, with thirty cabin passengers and 450 or 500 immigrants, mostly Scotch. She had gone but twelve miles, when she was found to be on fire, and so rapid was the progress of the flames that only 200 of those on board escaped with their lives, while 300 perished by fire and water. Among the lost was the Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, of Salem, Mass., an eminent citizen and a widely beloved man. The announcement of his sudden death created a profound sensation of grief among his friends and neighbours. The church bells of Salem were tolled, the flags of the shipping and public buildings displayed at half-mast, and touching allusions were made to the public services and private virtues of the deceased in the pulpits of the several Churches on Sunday last. His body has been recovered. The details of this calamity are indeed appalling. The cause of the accident is not determined, but it is intimated in the Montreal journals that it was the result of criminal carelessness. The boat is said to have been unfit for the service in which it was employed.

SICKENING.—The Chicago *Congregational Herald* expresses its disgust in view of the course pursued by the Rev. Franklin Butler, of Windsor, Vt., in the General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterian Church at Nashville. It says:

"Only one corresponding member from any Congregational body appears to have been present, Rev. F. Butler of General Convention of Vermont, and he made an address to the General Assembly, that must have been sickening even to them for its fulsome adulation, accompanying it with the wonderfully dignified and imposing ceremony of presenting a sprig of evergreen. The Moderator, in behalf of the Assembly, received the homage very graciously. Vermont must think itself highly honoured by such a representative!"

Those who have watched the course of the *Chronicle*, the organ of the Vermont Congregationalists, for the last twenty years or more, will not be surprised at the display which Mr. Butler made of himself at Nashville. It is by no means the fault of the *Chronicle* if the anti-slavery sentiment is not utterly crushed out of the Churches of that State.

A LETTER FROM JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, in reply to our correspondent "B." (see STANDARD of June 13th), will appear next week.

REV. NATHAN BANGS, D.D., for more than twenty years one of the bitterest opponents of abolitionism in the Methodist Church and a defender of slavery on Scriptural grounds, warns his anti-slavery brethren, in the *Christian Advocate and Journal* of the present week, that if they proceed to consummate their plans for extirpating slavery from the Church in the way which he and his party have decided to be unconstitutional, "that they will produce a more disastrous division than any that has yet been witnessed during our history, for it would extend throughout the length and breadth of the entire Church." We hope the Doctor and his confederates may speedily be driven to the alternative of executing this threat or backing square out. His object, of course, is to frighten the timid portion of the Church into still further submission to pro-slavery rule. We predict that his threat will only serve to make still more intense the agitation he so much dreads.

We quote from the *National Intelligencer* a portion of its remarks by which it introduces the speech of Senator Mason of Virginia, at Bunker Hill, inserted in its columns. The speech was characterized by some here as "the crack of the slave-driver's whip"; and we are glad to perceive, as indeed we might have anticipated, that a performance so appropriate and patriotic would meet with commendation from a journal so worthy of respect as the *National Intelligencer*.—*Boston Courier*.

OF course it is perfectly natural that the *National Intelligencer* and the Boston *Courier* should agree in deeming "the crack of the slave-driver's whip," in the hands of Senator Mason, on Bunker Hill, a "performance" at once "appropriate and patriotic"; but we confess we hardly expected our hunker cotemporary at Boston to make so broad an avowal of its "commendation." Its frankness is charming.

ARRIVAL OF FILLIBUSTERS.—One hundred and thirty-nine men, women and children, belonging to Walker's Nicaraguan army, arrived at this port from Aspinwall on Monday. Thirty were suffering from wounds or exposure during the war, and almost all were in a state of utter helplessness and destitution. They speak in the strongest terms of the utter incompetency of Walker as a military leader.

EMILIE Z. KOSSUTH, sister of the exiled Governor of Hungary, has opened a boarding-house at Scotch Plains, N. J. The situation is very pleasant and easily accessible from New York, and from our knowledge of Madame Kossuth's character and capacity we do not hesitate to express the opinion that she will make her house attractive to her guests.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent at his post—He sees nothing to tell—He bemoaneth himself that he missed the Seventeenth of June—And why—He comforteth himself with Niagara—He criticiseth the work—How he was pedestrious—And how it was blessed unto him—The fleas of great Spectacles—He describeth Niagara Park—What was really worth seeing there—If true—What disinterested advice he got—And how he followed it—He returneth home by Erie Railway—He describeth the Fortage Bridge—His New York adventure—He beholdeth Gen. William Walker—But payeth money for the sight—He describeth his charms—And their effect on his neighbours—He giveth him his blessing—And concludeth, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, June 29, 1857.

HERE I am again at my regular post of observation, looking out into the night to see whether I can discern anything fit to deserve your notice. Thus far, I am sorry to say, I have not seen anything looming up between me and the horizon. What a miss you and I had of it, when I happened to be away on the Seventeenth of June. Had I imagined the possibility of Mason, of Virginia, having the impudence to come into that assembly, and of the men having it in charge receiving him with all the honours instead of turning him the cold shoulder, if not the pointed toe, I should have hurried home to witness and describe the scene. It must have been only second to the one when John Tyler assisted at the celebration of the completion of the Monument, with a Slave holding an umbrella over his head. But Fate was not as kind to me as she usually is, and condemned me to look at the Falls of Niagara instead of so august a moral spectacle. The author of the Fugitive Slave Law, and whose fault it was not that every postmaster in the Free States was not invested with summary jurisdiction in cases touching the liberties of the inhabitants, without appeal and with the absolute certainty of dismission from office if they decided in any way but one, he was certainly a very proper Commissioner to receive the homage of Massachusetts to her Sovereign and Paramount Lord.

Being thus cruelly robbed of this relishing morsel, I was forced to content myself as best I might with Niagara. Fate made me some amends there, I must do her the justice to say, for I was favoured with an average of very capital weather. Out of five days I spent there, three were of the primest, and the other two, as the Cotton-brokers say, "from fair to middling," but mainly fair. I remember I gave you my impressions of Niagara three or four years ago, and, as it is not to be supposed that any of your readers can forget anything that I write, it is hardly worth while to repeat the criticisms I then made on this great work of Nature. It is now as it was then, and I felt none the less the changes in the shape of the Cataract, which have not been changes for the better, since I looked upon them for the first time. The fall of Table Rock and the caving-in of the gracefullest portion of the curve of the Horse-shoe Fall have marred the original perfection of the picture as it dwells in my memory forever; but it is still the most beautiful spectacle in the world, and worth a journey from the world's end to see. I made my explorations on foot, which it is perfectly easy for any man, or any reasonably strong and active woman, to do without much fatigue. For the whole compass of wonders bound together by that river of glorious green is not large. And it is astonishing what a multitude of ever-changing views one gets within a circuit of five miles from the Horse-shoe Fall round to Goat Island, by the Suspension Bridge. At that distance the blemishes which I have just noted as worked by Time in the aspect of the Cataract are not noticeable, and the varying effects produced by combination with the steep banks, sometimes of sheer precipice and sometimes "feathering to the top" with the loveliest of trees, are beautiful exceedingly.

And it is a satisfaction, though one which you buy at the expense of your personal popularity, to be rid of one of the petty annoyances which seem to be as inseparable from great works of Nature as fleas are from lions. Blood-suckers of all kinds surround you, eager to draw out of you a drop of your circulating medium. Every scheme is in operation to divert you from the sight of what you have come to see, and which you can see nowhere else, to look at some wild beast, or trumpery show, or paltry museum. Travellers on those shores are looked upon by all the inhabitants, from the highest to the lowest, as stranded ships are by the dwellers upon "shipwrecked coasts"—a fair prey, a God-send of which the most is to be made. And the comic side of the business is to see the jealousy with which they warn you against the impositions of each other. I had a funny instance of this kind, one morning, which made me laugh. I was walking round from the English to the American side by the Suspension Bridge, and, as I neared the village of Niagara Falls, I came to a gate over which was written, "Niagara Falls Park. Admission 12 1-2 cents." Of course, I knew it was a humbug; but, being at least a cheap one (my general rule being whenever a man looked at me to pull out my money and give him a quarter of a dollar), I thought I would see what it was. So I paid my money and went in, and found about a couple of acres of the bank of the river fenced in, just such as I had been walking along for two miles for nothing, with a very pretty point of view, but no better than quantities of others to be had on the same terms. There was, besides, a sort of cake-shop, where one bibulously disposed might get soda-water, or lager-bier, or, for aught I know, even stronger potations.

But—I beg the proprietor's pardon—there was one thing there for the sight of which (if veritable) I would readily have paid my York shilling, and that was a field-piece, which the proprietor averred was the identical one which Colonel Miller was ordered to take, against large odds, at the Battle of Niagara, when he made his famous reply, "I'll try, Sir!" He did try and took it, and his words have passed into a proverb and have taken him out of the vulgar herd of Colonels and made him familiar in men's mouths. And if they had not, Hawthorne has immortalized him by the exquisite sketch of his person and character in the Preface to the Scarlet Letter. If this were indeed the very identical cannon—of which I could not but feel uncertain, as it seemed strange that Uncle Sam should let go his hold of so famous a trophy of his prowess, and the only thing he had to show for that fight—but if a true thing, and the proprietor should mention that as the sight to be seen, he would get an honest shilling (York) for showing it. While I was there, he dilated to me on the malfeasances of the Porter family—who are the chief landed proprietors on that side—which consisted, as far as I could gather them, in not assisting their neighbours in their laudable wishes to shear the fleeces of the flock of travellers even closer than it is now done. He especially warned me against going upon Goat Island! "Look at the falls from here," said he, "and from the ferry-boat; but don't go on to the Island! You'll have to pay twenty-five cents, and there ain't no kind of improvement. They say it's because they want to leave it in a state of *nature*, but its only because they're too stingy to make any!" Blessing the good taste of the Porters, I proceeded incontinently thither, and I thought the charge of a quarter of a dollar for the run of their island for my stay—there being but one payment for the whole—and for the expensive bridges they had made for my accommodation, a very reasonable and just one, and I did not grudge it in the least, even though I was assured that their income from it last year was fifteen thousand dollars.

But I cannot afford to linger any longer even in a scene of magic like this, as there must be an end to all things, even letters—though I have had some which I thought were going to have none, and, possibly, some of my correspondents may have had the same apprehension as to mine. I left the Falls, then, and proceeded to Buffalo, and so by the Erie Railway to New York. I took especial pains to see the Bridge at Portage, stopping from one train to another for the purpose, which is one of the things best worth seeing in the country. It is of timber, and it is said that the best timber of a hundred and fifty acres of forest was consumed by it. Indeed, it looks like a forest, stripped of its leaves and bark, suspended in the air. It was two years in building, and cost, I think, $280,000. It is 234 feet above the level of the River Genesee, which it crosses, and it is a fearful thing to look down from its top into the gulf beneath. It is so made that one can go to all parts of it by means of stairs and platforms—arranged, I suppose, for the purpose of repairs—as any one of the innumerable beams and joists can be taken out and replaced without disturbance to the rest. These stairs lead you to the ground, where you have a fair view of the whole mighty structure on either side. It was really a sublime sight, this lace-work tracery relieved against a black cloud big with thunder which happened to place itself in exactly the right position for my purpose. There is a fine fall of 70 feet here, which we should not think small beer of, if it were not for its mighty neighbour between Erie and Ontaria. I had to make a long *détour* round by Batavia and Canandaigua to Elmira on the Erie Road again, in consequence of a breach in the road-bed. The scenery is very fine along the Delaware and among the Highlands, and it is a route well deserving the attention of all travellers on the look-out for the picturesque. And so I got safely to New York, just at the very moment our yellow tickets gave up the ghost and refused to carry us any longer.

I have room only for one of my New York adventures. I mean my sight of General William Walker, the Great Unhanged. I did not call upon him. Not so bad as that. I did not even go to one of his public meetings, where I might have been mistaken for a sympathizer, if not a filli-buster. But I took an opportunity when I could see him, as if he were any common wild beast, by paying my money for the sight. In this way, it seemed to me, I could gratify a laudable curiosity and degrade Walker at the same time. As he is an uncommon wild beast, I had to pay double the usual fee—but I did not grudge it. Fifty cents gained me admission to Laura Keene's Theatre, where it was in the bills that he was to be on exhibition, and, though the house was crowded, a little patience and skill manœuvred me into a good position for seeing him and for hearing his speech. And I will do him the justice to say that it was worth the money to see how expressive the face of man may be. Some villains are handsome and have fair and amiable outsides, so that it is hard to maintain the resentment due to their crimes under the magnetism of their presence. Walker is not one of this sort. He carries his character written in the lines of his face. His face, certainly, cannot be called "a perpetual open letter of introduction." Any prudent man would lock his door in such a one. Cruelty, meanness and obstinacy are the qualities there written down, unilluminated by the least ray of talent—let alone genius—nor even of craft and duplicity. It is the face of a cold-blooded, calculating murderer, who would never regret "that he murdered," however much he might that "he was taken"—which God grant that he may be on his next expedition! It would be death to him with any intelligent jury who should set upon him for any one of his manifold murders. As soon as I had seen my fill of the wretch and heard his speech, I elbowed my way out again, being unwilling that my half-dollar should buy anything else that night except this show. It would be getting too much out of it. I should judge, from the observations I heard made around me (which were by no means complimentary to the hero, either as to the mode of his death or as to the place of his soul after it), that most of the audience came, like myself, to see only and not to admire. And all the applause came from a very small band of *claquers* and from the gallery.

I meant to have said a word about the letter of "GREGORY" to the *Boston Traveller*, which I have just seen for the first time, and is certainly one of the funniest productions I have lately seen. Who is this Gregory? He cannot come within the category of those Scotchmen whom Dr. Johnson said something might be made of. He cannot have been *caught young*. He must have been in the bone and not the gristle at the time of his capture by anything calling itself Anti-Slavery. But I have literally not a moment to spare, and shall have to run myself out of breath to save the post as it is. If I think of it, next time, perhaps I may speak of it again.

D. Y.

Summary.

THE OLDEST WOMAN.—We doubt whether as old a woman now survives as one whose remains were committed to the grave a week ago. Aunt Till, a slave belonging to Capt. Lewis Bissel of this neighbourhood, died on the 8th inst., at the extraordinary age of 139 years. Such an instance of longevity has not come under our observation for many years. The family attended the funeral.—*St. Louis Republican*.

HOW TO GET A HOUSE OUT OF A WHISKEY BARREL.—Put the barrel in a secure place, near a spring of good water, on the road to the grog-shop. When you want a dram, take the price of it in your hand and start to go to the grog-shop; go as far as the spring, drop the money through the bung-hole, take a good drink of water and return home. Repeat this operation till the barrel is full, knock out the head, and you have the price of a splendid brick building.

A REVEREND NEGRO SENTENCED TO THE PENITENTIARY.—Our readers will remember the arrest of the Rev. Elijah Anderson, the coloured preacher from Madison, Ind., some time last Winter. He was examined in our Police Court at the time, on the charge of running off slaves, and remanded to Trimble County. His trial had just closed in the Bedford Circuit Court, and, upon conviction of the charge, the reverend gentleman was sentenced to the penitentiary for eight years.—*Louisville Democrat, June* 19.

The Boston Spiritualist investigation ended on Saturday. The sceptics say that the mediums all failed, and that spiritualism is proved a humbug. On the other hand the *Traveller* says:

"It is the unanimous opinion of those who witnessed the whole proceedings, with the exception of the representative of the *Courier*, that the whole affair was in no sense of the word an investigation, and that nothing was proved or disproved by it."

HARVARD AND MR. WILLIS.—We regret to know that in the forthcoming investigation of spiritual phenomena by the Faculty of Harvard, Mr. Willis will be prevented from taking part. Mr. Willis has, since his suspension, been under great excitement, and at the present time, is suffering from an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs. The numerous friends of Mr. Willis have no need to be informed that he looks anxiously towards the result of this investigation, confident that it will be the means of awakening the Faculty to a sense of their duty.—*Banner of Light*.

SENATOR SUMNER.—The Columbus (O.) *State Journal* publishes the following extract of a letter from Paris:

"Mr. Sumner is not, by any means, well. I cannot help fearing his nervous system will not soon recover from the shock it has received. He has continued to receive the most flattering attentions from *savans* and nobles. A Virginian, Mr. Corbin, wrote a stupid letter, attacking Mr. Sumner's reply to an invitation from the American merchants, but nobody noticed it, though it was intended to be abusive. It was published by Galignani."

CAN'T SEE.—Solomon Nothrop, a coloured man of Saratoga, N. Y., who was kidnapped and carried into one of the lower slave States and held in slavery for twelve years, but finally found his way back to freedom, brought suit some time ago against his kidnappers, whom he knew, and who were certain to have fared badly under an investigation; but since the Dred Scott decision he has been obliged to abandon all hope of bringing them to justice, because he cannot sue in the U. S. Courts. Here is a sample of what the Democrats mean by *equal* justice and *equal* rights.

BLACK RIVER CONFERENCE, N. Y.—This Conference, at its recent meeting, adopted a series of strong anti-slavery resolutions. They take the ground that "the General Conference has an unquestionable and constitutional right not only to prohibit the future admission of slaveholders among us, but also to take the most effectual measures, either by legislation in the chapter on slavery or otherwise, to carry out the spirit of our General Rules; so that those who still persist in the practice of the great evil of slavery shall have no more place among us."

VALUABLE RELIC.—We saw on Saturday last the identical watch that Major Andre offered Paulding, Williams and Van Wirt, at the time of his arrest and interview with Arnold. It is of pure gold, much larger around than other watches of the present day, but very thin, duplex movement, and figured thus: 12-3-6-9 on the face, with points between. On the cap is engraved—

JOHN ANDRE,
1774.

Notwithstanding its old age, but few watches keep better time. It is owned by a gentleman living here, named Chase.—*Horicon (Wis.) Argus*.

The Supreme Court of Iowa, on the hearing of a *habeas corpus* case, decided that a slave who was permitted by his master to leave Missouri and settle in Iowa became free thereby. The case was that of a man who sold freedom to his slave in Missouri for the consideration of $550, and permitted him to move to Iowa to earn the money. After a residence of many years in Iowa, the negro was seized as a fugitive slave and was about being delivered as such, when the writ of *habeas corpus* brought him before the Supreme Court, and he was released. The decision of the Court is directly in the teeth of Judge Taney's decision in the Dred Scott case, but courts of the country, like the people, seem to treat the opinion of Judge Taney in that case with the contempt it deserves.—*Pittsburg Gazette*.

HOW TO FIND A THIEF.—Lorenzo Dow, the celebrated itinerant preacher, once came across a man who was deeply lamenting that his axe had been stolen. Dow told the man that if he would come to meeting with him, he would find his axe. At the meeting, Dow had on the pulpit, in plain sight, a large stone. Suddenly, in the middle of his sermon, he stopped, took up the stone and said, "An axe was stolen in the neighbourhood last night, and if the man who took it don't dodge, I will hit him on the forehead with this stone," at the same time making a violent effort to throw it. A person present was seen to dodge his head, and proved to be the guilty party.—*Zion's Herald*.

WELL SPOKEN.—The following, from the last number of *Zion's Herald*, is quite to the point:

"As it stands, slaveholding is allowed in our Church. Children are stolen as they are born. Manhood is stolen. It is worse than folly to deny it. And to say that slaveholding is, of course, *qualified by the whole moral code of the Church* is just to use a 'glittering generality,' a loud-sounding platitude. It is an endeavour to buy off indignity at sin with a child's stick of candy. We have no heart now to expose what we *know* of the evils of slavery among us. Thank God, the Conferences are taking the right ground, and, if those who hate iniquity do not allow themselves to be deceived with pretty words, in the strength of God they will conquer."

FASHIONABLE CHRISTIANITY.—A young man, accompanied by two ladies, entered one of our fashionable churches on Sunday. Seats were assigned them by the gentlemanly sexton. Scarcely were they seated, when a woman (counterfeit article), dressed in the height of fashion, entered the pew and immediately knelt, joining in the prayer read by the pastor. She appeared to feel very uncomfortable, for some reason, which afterward appeared. The prayer being ended, she arose from her kneeling position, and said to the young man: "If you please, won't you go out; this pew belongs to me." Thereupon the gentleman and lady immediately withdrew in search of a pew large enough to accommodate strangers.—*Boston Traveller*.

A MONSTER SPECIMEN OF AMERICAN MARBLE.—A slab of marble from the works of the Roxbury Verd Antique Marble Company, Roxbury, Vermont, was drawn into State street, Monday, by six horses, and exhibited for the inspection of the curious. It is nine feet long, four and a half feet wide, and two feet thick, and will weigh about seven tons. It was ordered by Mr. Jackson, marble-worker, Pimlico, London, and is to be immediately shipped for that city. This marble effectually resists the weather, is capable of a very high polish, and will, when more known, come into general use. It is stated that similar marble to this is seen in the old temples and other buildings of the old world, but the mines whence it was procured are now unknown.—*Boston Traveller*.

JUDGE DOUGLAS DENOUNCED BY HIS PARTISANS.—The Chicago *Democrat* says that the largest Buchanan meeting that has ever yet been held in Freeport, Illinois, was held on the 16th ult. The object of the call was to comment on the course of Judge Douglas, in adopting one policy for the city of Chicago and another for the country. In Chicago he adopted the rotation policy, and ousted every incumbent. In the country, in order to dodge responsibility, he has generally appointed the incumbents. The Freeport Buchanan men would not stand this, and called an indignation meeting. They denounced Judge Douglas in the severest terms. Among the denunciators was Col. James Mitchell, for nearly twenty years an active and reliable Democrat until last Fall.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE OPPRESSED.—We learn from the *Gazette* that Col. Geo. C. Mendenhall, of Jamestown, Guilford County, North Carolina, passed through this city on Wednesday afternoon last, on his way to Logan County, Ohio.

Col. Mendenhall had with him five negro women, slaves who had been reared in his family, but whom he had emancipated, and he was taking them to their destination in Logan County, having provided for them comfortable homes, and the means to support themselves until they were able to take care of themselves as free women. This makes the fourth trip that the Colonel has made to this State within a few years, and fifty slaves that he has emancipated and settled in Ohio.

Mr. Mendenhall has shown himself a true philanthropist, and the blessings of the weak and the suffering will follow him.—*Columbus (O.) State Journal, June* 20.

POISON OF A WHOLE FAMILY BY SLAVES.—The family of Edward Gill, of Chesterfield County, Va., have for a month past suffered from a mysterious sickness. The Petersburg *Express* states that, about a month ago, one of Mr. G.'s little children died, and that subsequently himself, wife and five children were taken sick, and another child died. A large number of physicians were summoned, and, on instituting a search, they found, in the apartment of the cook and two other slaves, a quantity of carbonate of lead and sugar of lead, both of slow but deadly poisons, which the wretches, no doubt, had been from day to day mixing with the food of the unsuspecting family, as it was not until Saturday last that they were supposed to be suffering from poison. Two of the children are still lying in a precarious condition. The slaves are in jail.—*The South*.

AN ABOLITION EMISSARY.—We learn that a man was discovered propagating Abolition sentiments, in a house in this place, says the Fredericksburg *Herald*, occupied by negroes, on Monday last, and when confronted by the sudden appearance of a gentleman who was in the neighbourhood, and who had heard him, immediately decamped with underground railroad speed, and has not been heard of since.

This Abolition emissary is represented as a German, of a rather youthful appearance, sandy complexion and sandy hair. He had several boxes, in which were laces, collars, &c., and was engaged in a sort of contraband trade with negroes, by evading our revenue laws. Several of the fellow's front teeth were out.

It will be well for the public, in both town and country, throughout Virginia, to be on the look-out for such wretches as these.—*The South*.

A new apparatus for the manufacture of gas has lately been invented, and is now on exhibition in Cincinnati. It is adapted to the production of gas in small quantities, suited to the wants of private houses. The machinery is simple and compact; no unpleasant odour arises from the retort; the gas is of a superior quality, making a clear, pleasant and brilliant light. It is claimed that gas can be manufactured at one-fourth the price charged by gas companies. The proprietors of the Cincinnati *Gazette* have so much confidence in this apparatus that they have ordered one for their establishment, which will be in operation in about ten days. They now pay the gas companies $1,000 a year for gas. The apparatus sufficient for the establishment costs $550. A few days' trial will test the merit of the invention. If successful, the business of supplying the public with gas will be speedily revolutionized.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*.

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH. THE STORY OF THE PAST.

THE afternoon wore away, and the evening came, and still there were no signs of Uncle Joseph's return. Towards seven o'clock, Rosamond was summoned by the nurse, who reported that the child was awake and fretful. After soothing and quieting him, she took him back with her to the sitting-room; having first, with her usual consideration for the comfort of any servant whom she employed, sent the nurse down-stairs, with a leisure hour at her own disposal, after the duties of the day. "I don't like to be away from you, Lenny, at this anxious time," she said, when she rejoined her husband; "so I have brought the child in here. He is not likely to be troublesome again; and the having him to take care of is really a relief to me in our present state of suspense."

The clock on the mantel-piece chimed the half-hour past seven. The carriages in the street were following one another more and more rapidly, filled with people in full dress, on their way to dinner, or on their way to the opera. The hawkers were shouting proclamations of news in the neighbouring square, with the second editions of the evening papers under their arms. People who had been serving behind the counter all day were standing at the shop doors to get a breath of fresh air. Working men were trooping homeward, now singly, now together in weary, shambling groups. Idlers, who had come out after dinner, were lighting cigars at corners of streets, and looking about them, uncertain which way they should turn their steps next. It was just that transitional period of the evening at which the street-life of the day is almost over, and the street-life of the night has not quite begun—just the time, also, at which Rosamond, after vainly trying to find relief from the weariness of waiting by looking out of the window, was becoming more and more deeply absorbed in her own anxious thoughts, when her attention was abruptly recalled to events in the little world about her by the opening of the room door. She looked up immediately from the child lying asleep on her lap, and saw that Uncle Joseph had returned at last.

The old man came in silently, with the form of declaration which he had taken away with him by Mr. Frankland's desire, open in his hand. As he approached nearer to the window, Rosamond noticed that his face looked as if it had grown strangely older during the few hours of his absence. He came close up to her, and, still not saying a word, laid his trembling forefinger low down on the open paper, and held it before her so that she could look at the place thus indicated without rising from her chair.

His silence and the change in his face struck her with a sudden dread which made her hesitate before she spoke to him. "Have you told her all?" she asked, after a moment's delay, putting the question in low, whispering tones, and not heeding the paper.

"This answers that I have," he said, still pointing to the declaration. "See! here is the name, signed in the place that was left for it—signed by her own hand."

Rosamond glanced at the paper. There indeed was the signature, "S. Jazeph"; and underneath it were added, in faintly traced lines of parenthesis, these explanatory words: "Formerly, Sarah Leeson."

"Why don't you speak?" exclaimed Rosamond, looking at him in growing alarm. "Why don't you tell us how she bore it?"

"Ah! don't ask me, don't ask me!" he answered, shrinking back from her hand, as she tried in her eagerness to lay it on his arm. "I forgot nothing. I said the words as you taught me to say them. I went the roundabout way to the truth with my tongue; but my face took the short cut, and got to the end first. Pray, of your goodness to me, ask nothing about it! Be satisfied, if you please, with knowing that she is better, and quieter, and happier now. The bad is over and past, and the good is all to come. If I tell you how she looked, if I tell you what she said, if I tell you all that happened when first she knew the truth, the fright will catch me round the heart again, and all the sobbing and crying that I have swallowed down will rise once more and choke me. I must keep my head clear, and my eyes dry—or, how shall I say to you all the things that I have promised Sarah, as I love my own soul and hers, to tell, before I lay myself down to rest to-night?" He stopped, took out a coarse little cotton pocket handkerchief, with a flaring white pattern on a dull blue ground, and dried a few tears that had risen in his eyes while he was speaking. "My life has had so much happiness in it," he said, self-reproachfully, looking at Rosamond, "that my courage when it is wanted for the time of trouble, is not easy to find. And yet, I am a German! all my nation are philosophers—why is it that I alone am as soft in my brains, and as weak in my heart, as the pretty little baby, there, that is lying asleep in your lap?"

"Don't speak again; don't tell us anything till you feel more composed," said Rosamond. "We are relieved from our worst suspense now that we know you have left her quieter and better. I will ask no more questions—at least," she added, after a pause, "I will only ask one." She stopped; and her eyes wandered inquiringly towards Leonard. He had hitherto been listening with silent interest to all that had passed; but he now interposed gently, and advised his wife to wait a little before she ventured on saying anything more.

"It is such an easy question to answer," pleaded Rosamond. "I only wanted to hear whether she has got my message—whether she knows that I am waiting and longing to see her, if she will but let me come?"

"Yes, yes," said the old man, nodding to Rosamond with an air of relief. "That question is easy; easier even than you think, for it brings me straight to the beginning of all that I have got to say." He had been hitherto walking restlessly about the room; sitting down one moment, and getting up the next. He now placed a chair for himself, midway between Rosamond—who was sitting, with the child, near the window—and her husband, who occupied the sofa at the lower end of the room. In this position, which enabled him to address himself alternately to Mr. and Mrs. Frankland without difficulty, he soon recovered composure enough to open his heart unreservedly to the interest of his subject.

"When the worst was over and past," he said, addressing Rosamond—"when she could listen and when I could speak, the first words of comfort that I said to her were the words of your message. Straight she looked at me, with doubting, fearing eyes. 'Was her husband there to hear her?' she says. "Did he look angry? did he look sorry? did he change ever so little, when you got that message from her?" And I said, 'No: no change, no anger, no sorrow, nothing like it.' And she said again, 'Has it made between them no misery? has it nothing wrenched away of all the love and all the happiness that binds them the one to the other?' And once more I answer to that, No! no misery, no wrench. See now! I shall go my ways at once to the good wife, and fetch her here to answer for the good husband with her own tongue.' While I speak those words there flies out over all her face a look—no, not a look—a light, like a sunflash. While I can count one, it lasts; before I can count two, it is gone; the face is all dark again; it is turned way from me on the pillow, and I see the hand that is outside the bed begin to crumple up the sheet. 'I shall go my ways, then, and fetch the good wife,' I say again. And she says, 'No! not yet. I must not see her, I dare not see her till she knows—' and there she stops, and the hard crumples up the sheet again, and softly, softly, I say to her, 'Knows what?' and she answers me, 'What I, her mother, cannot tell her to her face, for shame.' And I say, 'So, so, my child! tell it not, then—tell it not at all.' She shakes her head at me, and wrings her two hands together, like this, on the bed-cover. 'I *must* tell it,' she says. 'I must rid my heart of all that has been gnawing, gnawing, gnawing at it, or how shall I feel the blessing that the seeing her will bring to me, if my conscience is only clear?' Then she stops a little, and lifts up her two hands, so, and cries out loud, 'Oh, will God's mercy show me no way of telling it that will spare me before my child!' And I say, 'Hush, then! there is a way. Tell it to Uncle Joseph, who is the same as father to you! Tell it to Uncle Joseph, whose little son died in your arms, whose tears your hand wiped away, in the grief-time long ago! Tell it, my child, to *me*; and *I* shall take the risk, and the shame (if there is shame) of telling it again. I, with nothing to speak for me but my white hair; I, with nothing to help me but my heart that means no harm—I shall go to that good and true woman, with the burden of her mother's grief to lay before her; and, in my soul of souls I believe it, she will not turn away!'"

He paused, and looked at Rosamond. Her head was bent down over her child; her tears were dropping slowly, one by one, on the bosom of his little white dress. Waiting a moment to collect herself before she spoke, she held out her hand to the old man, and firmly and gratefully met the look he fixed on her. "O, go on, go on!" she said. "Let me prove to you that your generous confidence in me is not misplaced!"

"I knew it was not, from the first, as surely as I know it now!" said Uncle Joseph. "And Sarah, when I had spoken to her, she knew it too. She was silent for a little; she cried for a little; she leant over from the pillow and kissed me here, on my cheek, as I sat by the bedside; and then she looked back, back, back, in her mind, to the Long Ago, and very quietly, very slowly, with her eyes looking into my eyes, and her hand resting so in mine, she spoke the words to me that I must now speak again to you, who sit here to-day as her judge, before you go to her to-morrow, as her child."

"Not as her judge!" said Rosamond. "I cannot, I must not hear you say that."

"I speak her words, not mine," rejoined the old man gravely. "Wait, before you bid me change them for others—wait, till you know the end."

He drew his chair a little nearer to Rosamond, paused for a minute or two, to arrange his recollections, and to separate them one from the other; then resumed:

"As Sarah began with me," he said, "so I, for my part, must begin also—which means to say, that I go down now through the years that are past, to the time when my niece went out to her first service. You know that the sea-captain, the brave and good man Treverton took for his wife an artist on the stage—what they call play-actress, here? A grand big woman, and a hand some; with a life, and a spirit, and a will in her, that is not often seen: a woman of the sort who can say, We will do this thing, or that thing—and do it in the spite and face of all the scruples, all the obstacles, all the oppositions in the world. To this lady there comes for maid to wait upon her, Sarah, my niece—a young girl, then, pretty, and kind, and gentle, and very, very shy. Out of many others who want the place, and who are bolder and bigger and quicker girls, Mistress Treverton, nevertheless, picks Sarah. This is strange, but it is stranger yet that Sarah, on her part, when she comes out of her first fears, and doubts, and pains of shyness about herself, gets to be fond with all her heart of that grand and handsome mistress, who has a life, and a spirit, and a will of the sort that is not often seen. This is strange to say, but it is also, as I know from Sarah's own lips, every word of it true."

"True beyond a doubt," said Leonard. "Most of the strong attachments in the world are formed between people who are unlike each other."

"So the life they led in that ancient house of Porthgenna began happily for them all," continued the old man. "The love that the mistress had for her husband was so full in her heart, that it overflowed in kindness to everybody who was about her, and to Sarah, her maid, before all the rest. She would have nobody but Sarah to read to her, to work for her, to dress her in the morning and the evening, and to undress her at night. She was as familiar as a sister might have been with Sarah, when they two were alone, in the long days of rain. It was the game of her idle time—the laugh that she liked most—to astonish the poor country maid, who had never so much as seen what a theatre's inside was like, by dressing in fine clothes, and painting her face, and speaking and doing all that she had done on the theatre-scene, in the days that were before her marriage. The more she startled and puzzled Sarah with these jokes and pranks of masquerade, the better she was always pleased. For a year this easy, happy life went on in the ancient house—happy for all the servants—happier still for the master and mistress, but for the want of one thing to make the whole complete, one little blessing that was always hoped for, and that never came—the same, if you please, as the blessing in the long white frock, with the plump delicate face and the tiny arms, that I see before me now."

He paused, to point the allusion by nodding and smiling at the child in Rosamond's lap; then resumed.

"As the new year gets on," he said, "Sarah sees in the mistress a change. The good sea-captain is a man who loves children, and is fond of getting to the house all the little boys and girls of his friends round about. He plays with them, he kisses them, he makes them presents—he is the best friend the little boys and girls have ever had. The mistress, who should be their best friend too, looks on and says nothing; looks on, red sometimes, and sometimes pale; goes away into her room where Sarah is at work for her, and walks about and finds fault; and one day lets the evil temper fly out of her at her tongue, and says 'Why have I got no child for my husband to be fond of? Why must he kiss and play always with the children of other women? They take his love away for something that is not mine. I hate those children and their mothers too!' It is her passion that speaks then, but it speaks what is near truth for all that. She will not make friends with any of those mothers; the ladies she is familiar-fond with are the ladies who have no children, or the ladies whose families are all up-grown. You think that was wrong of the mistress?"

He put the question to Rosamond, who was toying thoughtfully with one of the baby's hands which was resting in her's. "I think Mrs. Treverton was very much to be pitied," she answered, gently lifting the child's hand to her lips.

"Then I, for my part, think so too," said Uncle Joseph. "To be pitied? yes! To be more pitied some months after, when there is still no child and no hope of a child, and the good sea-captain says, one day, 'I rust here, I get old with much idleness, I want to be on the sea again. I shall ask for a ship.' And he asks for a ship, and they give it him, and he goes away on his cruises—with much kissing and fondness at parting from his wife—but still he goes away. And when he is gone, the mistress comes in again where Sarah is at work for her on a fine new gown, and snatches it away, and casts it down on the floor, and throws after it all the fine jewels she has got on her table, and stamps and cries with the misery and passion that is in her. 'I would give all those fine things, and go in rags for the rest of my life, to have a child!' she says. 'I am losing my husband's love; he would never have gone away from me if I had brought him a child!' Then she looks in the glass, and says between her teeth, 'yes! yes! I am a fine woman with a fine figure, and I would change places with the ugliest, crookedest wretch in all creation, if I could only have a child!' And then she tells Sarah that the captain's brother spoke the vilest of all vile words of her, when she was married, because she was an artist on the stage; and she says, 'If I have no child, who but he—the rascal-monster that I wish I could kill!—who but he will come to possess all that the captain has got?' And then she cries again, and says, 'I am losing his love—ah, I know it, I know it!—I am losing his love!' Nothing that Sarah can say will alter her thoughts about that. And the months go on, and the sea-captain comes back, and still there is always the same secret grief growing and growing in the mistress's heart—growing and growing till it is now the third year since the marriage, and there is no hope yet of a child; and, once more the sea-captain gets tired on land, and goes off again for his cruises—long cruises, this time; away, away, away, at the other end of the world."

Here Uncle Joseph paused once more, apparently hesitating a little about how he should go on with the narrative. His mind seemed to be soon relieved of its doubts, but his face saddened, and his tones sank lower, when he addressed Rosamond again.

"I must, if you please, go away from the mistress now," he said, "and get back to Sarah, my niece, and say one word also of a mining man, with the Cornish name of Polwheal. This was a young man that worked well and got good wage, and kept a good character. He lived with his mother in the little village that is near to the ancient house; and seeing Sarah from time to time, took much fancy to her, and she to him. So the end came that the marriage-promise was between them given and taken; as it happened, about the time when the sea-captain was back after his first cruises, and just when he was thinking of going away in a ship again. Against the marriage-promise nor he nor the lady his wife had a word to object, for the miner, Polwheal, had good wage and kept a good character. Only the mistress said that the loss of Sarah would be sad to her—very sad; and Sarah answered that there was yet no hurry to part. So the weeks go on, and the sea-captain sails again for his long cruises; and about the same time also the mistress finds out that Sarah frets and looks not like herself, and that the miner, Polwheal, he lurks here and lurks there, round about the house; and she says to herself, 'So! so! Am I standing too much in the way of this marriage? For Sarah's sake, that shall not be!' And she calls for them both one evening, and talks to them kindly, and sends away to put up the banns next morning the young man Polwheal. That night, it is his turn to go down into the Porthgenna mine, and work after the hours of the day. With his heart all light, down into that dark he goes. When he rises to the world again, it is the dead body of him that is drawn up—the dead body, with all the young life, by the fall of a rock, crushed out in a moment. The news flies here; the news flies there. With no break, with no warning, with no comfort near, it comes on a sudden to Sarah, my niece. When to her sweetheart that evening she had said good-bye, she was a young, pretty girl; when, six little weeks after, she, from the sick-bed, where the shock threw her, got up—all her youth had gone, all her hair was grey, and in her eyes the fright-look was fixed that has never left them since."

The simple words drew the picture of the miner's death, and of all that followed it, with a startling distinctness—with a fearful reality. Rosamond shuddered and looked at her husband. "Oh, Lenny!" she murmured, "the first news of your blindness was a sore trial to me—but what was it to *this*?"

"Pity her!" said the old man. "Pity her for what she suffered then! Pity her for what came after, that was worse! Yet five, six, seven weeks pass, after the death of the mining man, and Sarah in the body suffers less, but in the mind suffers more. The mistress, who is kind and good to her as any sister could be, finds out, little by little, something in her face which is not the pain-look, not the fright-look, not the grief-look; something which the eyes can see, but which the tongue cannot put into words. She looks and thinks, looks and thinks, till there steals into her mind a doubt which makes her tremble at herself, which drives her straight forward into Sarah's room, which sets her eyes searching through and through Sarah to her inmost heart. 'There is something on your mind besides your grief for the dead and gone,' she says, and catches Sarah by both the arms before she can turn away, and looks her in the face front to front, with curious eyes that search and suspect steadily. 'The miner-man, Polwheal,' she says; 'my mind misgives me about the miner-man, Polwheal. Sarah! I have been more friend to you than mistress. As your friend I ask you, now—tell me all the truth?' The question waits; but no word of answer! only Sarah struggles to get away and the mistress holds her tighter yet, and goes on and says, 'I know that the marriage-promise passed between you and miner Polwheal; I know that if ever there was truth in man, there was truth in him; I know that he went out from this place to put the banns up, for you and for him, in the church. Have secrets from all the world besides, Sarah, but have none from *me*. Tell me, this minute, tell me the truth! Of all the lost creatures in this big, wide world, are you——?' Before she can say the words that are next to come, Sarah falls on her knees, and cries out suddenly to be let go away to hide and die, and be heard of no more. That was all the answer she gave. It was enough for the truth, then; it is enough for the truth now."

He sighed bitterly, and ceased speaking for a little while. No voice broke the reverent silence that followed his last words. The one living sound that stirred in the stillness of the room was the light breathing of the child as he lay asleep in his mother's arm.

"That was all the answer," repeated the old man, "and the mistress, who heard it, says nothing for some time after, but looks straight forward into Sarah's face, and grows paler and paler the longer she looks—paler and paler, till on a sudden she starts, and at one flash the red flies back into her face. 'No,' she says, whispering and looking at the door, 'once your friend, Sarah, always your friend. Stay in this house, keep your own counsel, do as I bid you, and leave the rest to me.' And with that, she turns round quick on her heel, and falls to walking up and down the room—faster, faster, faster, till she is out of breath. Then she pulls the bell with an angry jerk, and calls out loud at the door, 'The horses! I want to ride'; then turns upon Sarah, 'My gown for riding in! Pluck up your heart, poor creature! On my life and honour I will save you. My gown, my gown, then; I am mad for a gallop in the open air!' And she goes out, in a fever of the blood, and gallops, gallops, till the horse reeks again, and the groom-man who rides after her wonders if she is mad. When she comes back, for all that ride in the air, she is not tired. The whole evening after, she is now walking about the room, and now striking loud tunes all mixed up together on the piano. At the bed-time, she cannot rest. Twice, three times in the night she frightens Sarah by coming in to see how she does, and by saying always those same words over again, 'Keep your own counsel, do as I bid you, and leave the rest to me.' In the morning, she lies late, sleeps, gets up very pale and quiet, and says to Sarah, 'No word more between us two of what happened yesterday—no word till the time comes when you fear the eyes of every stranger who looks at you. Then I shall speak again. Till that time let us be as we were before I put the question yesterday, and before you told the truth.'"

At this point he broke the thread of the narrative again, explaining, as he did so, that his memory was growing confused about a question of time, which he wished to state correctly in introducing the series of events that were next to be described.

"Ah, well! well!" he said, shaking his head, after vainly endeavouring to pursue the lost recollection. "For once, I must acknowledge that I forget. Whether it was two months, or whether it was three, after the mistress said those last words to Sarah, I know not—but at the end of the one time, or of the other, she, one morning, orders her carriage and goes away alone to Truro. In the evening she comes back with two large, flat baskets. On the cover of the one there is a card, and written on it are the letters, 'S. L.' On the cover of the other one there is a card, and written on it are the letters, 'R. T.' The baskets are taken into the mistress's room, and Sarah is called, and the mistress says to her, 'Open the basket with S. L. on it; for those are the letters of your name, and the things in it are yours.' Inside, there is first a box, which holds a grand bonnet of black lace; then a fine dark shawl; then black silk of the best kind, enough to make a gown; then linen and stuff for the under garments, all of the finest sort. 'Make up those things to fit yourself,' says the mistress. 'You are so much littler than I, that to make the things up new is less trouble than, from my fit to yours, to alter old gowns.' Sarah, to all this, says in astonishment, 'Why?' And the mistress answers, 'I will have no questions. Remember what I said; keep your own counsel, and leave the rest to me!' So she goes out, and leaves Sarah to work; and the next thing she does is to send for the doctor to see her. He asks what is the matter; gets for answer that she feels strangely, and not like herself; also that she thinks the soft air of Cornwall makes her weak. The days pass, and the doctor comes and goes, and, say what he may, those two answers are always the only two that he can get. All this time, Sarah is at work; and when she has done, the mistress says, 'Now for the other basket, with R. T. on it; for those are letters of my name, and the things in it are mine.' Inside this, there is first a box which holds a common bonnet of black straw; then a coarse dark shawl; then a gown of good common black stuff; then linen, and other things for the under garments, that are only of the sort called second best. 'Make up all that rubbish,' says the mistress, 'to fit me. No questions? You have always done as I told you; do as I tell you now, or you are a lost woman.' When the rubbish is made up, she tries it on, and looks in the glass, and laughs in a way that is wild and desperate to hear. 'Do I make a fine, buxom, comely servant-woman?' she says. 'Ha! but I have acted that part times enough in my past days on the theatre-scene.' And then she takes off the clothes again, and bids Sarah pack them up at once in one trunk, and pack the things she has made for herself in another. 'The doctor orders me to go away out of this damp-soft Cornwall climate, to where the air is fresh, and dry, and cheerful-keen!' she says, and laughs again, till the room rings with it. At the same time, Sarah begins to pack, and takes some knick-knack things off the table, and among them a brooch which has on it the likeness of the sea-captain's face. The mistress sees her, turns white in the cheeks, trembles all over, snatches the brooch away, and locks it up in the cabinet in a great hurry, as if the look of it frightened her. 'I shall leave that behind me,' she says, and turns round on her heel, and goes quickly out of the room. You guess, now, what the thing was that Mistress Treverton had it in her mind to do?"

He addressed the question to Rosamond first, and then repeated it to Leonard. They both answered in the affirmative, and entreated him to go on.

"You guess?" he said. "It is more than Sarah, at that time, could do. What with the misery in her own mind, and the strange ways and strange words of her mistress, the wits that were in her were all confused. Nevertheless, what her mistress has said to her that she has always done; and together alone those two from the house of Porthgenna drive away. Not a word says the mistress till they have got to the journey's end for the first day, and are stopping at their inn among strangers for the night. Then at last she speaks out, 'Put you on, Sarah, the good linen and the good gown to-morrow,' she says, 'but keep the common bonnet and the common shawl, till we get into the carriage again. I shall put on the coarse linen and the coarse gown, and keep the good bonnet and shawl. We shall pass so the people at the inn, on our way to the carriage, without very much risk of surprising them by our change of gowns. When we are out on the road again, we can change bonnets and shawls in the carriage—and then, it is all done. You are the married lady, Mrs. Treverton, and I am your maid who waits on you, Sarah Leeson. At that, the glimmering on Sarah's mind breaks in at last: she shakes with the fright it gives her, and all she can say is, 'Oh, mistress! for the love of Heaven, what is it you mean to do?' 'I mean,' the mistress answers, 'to save you, my faithful servant, from disgrace and ruin; to prevent every penny that the captain has got from going to that rascal-monster, his brother, who slandered me; and, last and most, I mean to keep my husband from going away to sea again, by making him love me as he has never loved me yet. Must I say more, you poor, afflicted, frightened creature—or is it enough so?' And all that Sarah can answer is to cry bitter tears, and to say faintly, 'No.' 'Do you doubt,' says the mistress, and grips her by the arm, and looks her close in the face with fierce eyes, 'Do you doubt which is best, to cast yourself into the world forsaken, and disgraced, and ruined, or to save yourself from shame, and make a friend of me for the rest of your life? You weak, wavering, baby-woman, if you cannot decide for yourself, I shall for you. As I will, so it shall be! To-morrow, and the day after, and the day after that, we go on and on, up to the north, where my good fool of a doctor says the air is cheerful-keen—up to the north, where nobody knows me or has heard my name. I, the maid, shall spread the report that you, the lady, are weak in your health. No strangers shall you see, but the doctor and the nurse, when the time to call them comes. Who they may be, I know not; but this I do know, that the one and the other will serve our purpose without the least suspicion of what it is; and that when we get back to Cornwall again, the secret between us two will to no third person have been trusted, and will remain a Dead Secret to the end of the world!' With all the strength of the strong will that is in her, at the hush of night and in a house of strangers, she speaks those words to the woman of all women the most frightened, the most afflicted, the most helpless, the most ashamed. What need to say the end? On that night Sarah first stooped her shoulders to the burden that has weighed heavier and heavier on them with every year, for all her after-life."

"How many days did they travel towards the north?" asked Rosamond, eagerly. "Where did the journey end? In England or in Scotland?"

"In England," answered Uncle Joseph. "But the name of the place escapes my foreign tongue. It was a little town by the side of the sea—the great sea that washes between my country and yours. There they stopped, and there they waited till the time came to send for the doctor and the nurse. And as Mistress Treverton had said it should be, so, from the first to the last, it was. The doctor and the nurse and the people of the house were all strangers; and to this day, if they still live, they believe that Sarah was the sea-captain's wife, and that Mistress Treverton was the maid who waited on her. Not till they were far back on their way home with the child, did the two change gowns again, and return each to her proper place. The first friend at Porthgenna that the mistress sends for to show the child to, when she gets back, is the other doctor who lives there. 'Did you think what was the matter with me, when you sent me away to change the air?' she says, and laughs. And the doctor, he laughs too, and says, 'Yes, surely! but I was too cunning to say what I thought in those early days, because, at such times, there is always fear of a mistake. And you found the fine dry air so good for you that you stopped?' he says. 'Well, that was right! right for yourself and right also for the child.' And the doctor laughs again and the mistress with him, and Sarah, who stands by and hears them, feels as if her heart would burst within her, with the horror, and the misery, and the shame of that deceit. When the doctor's back is turned, she goes down on her knees, and begs and prays with all her soul that the mistress will repent, and send her away with her child, to be heard of at Porthgenna no more. The mistress, with that tyrant-will of hers, has but four words of answer to give: 'It is too late!' Five weeks after, the sea-captain comes back, and the 'Too late' is a truth that no repentance can ever alter more. The mistress's cunning hand that has guided the deceit from the first, guides it always to the last—guides it so that the captain, for the love of her and of the child, goes back to sea no more—guides it till the time when she lays her down on the bed to die, and leaves all the burden of the secret, and all the guilt of the confession, to Sarah—to Sarah, who, under the tyranny of that tyrant-will, has lived in the house for five long years, a stranger to her own child!"

"Five years!" murmured Rosamond, raising the baby gently in her arms, till his face touched hers. "Oh me! five long years a stranger to the blood of her blood, to the heart of her heart!"

"And all the years after!" said the old man. "The lonesome years and years among strangers, with no sight of the child that was growing up, with no heart to pour the story of her sorrow into the ear of any living creature—not even into mine! 'Better,' I said to her, when she could speak to me no more, and when her face was turned away again on the pillow, 'a thousand times better, my child, if you had told the Secret!' 'Could I tell it,' she said, 'to the master who trusted me? Could I tell it afterwards to the child, whose very birth was reproach to me? Could she listen to the story of her mother's shame, told by her mother's lips? How will she listen to it now, when she hears it from *you*? Remember the life she has led, and the high place she has held in the world. How can she ever look at me in kindness again!'"

"You never left her," cried Rosamond, interposing before he could say more; "surely, surely, you never left her with that thought in her heart!"

Uncle Joseph's head dropped on his breast. "What words of mine could change it?" he asked, sadly.

"Oh, Lenny, do you hear that! I must leave you, and leave the baby. I must go to her, or those last words about me will break my heart." The passionate tears burst from her eyes as she spoke; and she rose hastily from her seat, with the child in her arms.

"Not to-night," said Uncle Joseph. "She said to me at parting, 'I can bear no more to-night; give me till the morning to get as strong as I can.'"

"Oh, go back then yourself!" cried Rosamond. "Go, for God's sake, without wasting another moment, and make her think of me as she ought! Tell her how I listened to you, with my own child sleeping on my bosom all the time—tell her—oh, no, no! words are too cold for it! Come here, come close, Uncle Joseph (I shall always call you so now); come close to me and kiss my child—*her* grandchild! Kiss him on this cheek because it has lain nearest to my heart. And now, go back, kind and dear old man—go back to her bedside, and say nothing but that *I* sent that kiss to *her*!"

ONE OF THE JEAMESES.

SEASONS of war, of civil strife and of public tumult often draw forth the *best*, as well as the *worst*, qualities of human nature. The names of heroes who have borne a prominent part in this world's struggles, who have shed their life-blood in their country's cause, or have dared to raise their voice in behalf of a sovereign doomed to death by his people, have been handed down with honour to posterity; and well is it that names such as these should be immortalized. But in life's more hidden paths, how many a noble deed has been achieved, how many an act of self-sacrifice silently performed, which will never be known until that day when every hidden thing shall be made manifest! It is one of these unknown or long-forgotten heroes whom we are now about to introduce to our readers, in the hope that his brief but eventful history may not prove uninteresting.

Amongst the attendants of the hapless Queen Marie Antoinette, there was one named Valentin. In her service he began the career of self-devotion which he pursued through life. At the Tuileries, on the fatal 21st of June, 1791, he fought in defence of his sovereign, and was carried, wounded, from the palace. Time passed on, and Valentin, recovered from his wounds, sought another service.

He offered himself to the Marquis of Caraccioli, formerly Neapolitan ambassador to the French court, but now a ruined man. The marquis at first declined his services, assuring him that his broken fortunes would not admit of his keeping a valet; but Valentin seemed to feel a singular attraction towards this Neapolitan nobleman, and well-nigh insisted on attaching himself to his fortunes. Evil days, however, were in store for the once wealthy and popular ambassador. Compelled by poverty to live in one of the most crowded streets of Paris, he fell into ill health, and, during this time of sickness, was unable to procure the most ordinary comforts and even necessaries of life.

The faithful Valentin, who, in his earlier years, had been a turner by profession, caused the marquis to be removed to an airy apartment belonging to a chair-maker in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Here he not only paid the rent of the room by working for the landlord, but also earned enough to maintain his suffering master.

Day by day, however, the illness of the marquis assumed a more serious character; increased care and more abundant nourishment were required by the invalid. Poor Valentin, with a *mistaken*, perchance, yet generous pride, would not make known the destitute condition of the marquis to any amongst his former wealthy friends; but when his own earnings proved insufficient, he appealed to the government of the day for help; his application, however, proved fruitless, and Caraccioli died in penury and want.

When Valentin stood by his master's corpse, he felt as if he had never till then known how dear Caraccioli was to his heart. He could not endure the thought that this nobleman, of illustrious name and ancient lineage, should be committed to a pauper's grave. He accordingly hastened to a notary, sold, for the sum of £12, a small property which he had purchased with the savings of his earlier years, discharged the few debts contracted during the illness of Caraccioli, and, with the remainder of this sum, paid for the unpretending funeral of the once honoured ambassador of Naples.

About this time, Madame Junot, Duchess of Abrantes, was setting up her establishment on her return from Lisbon, whither she had accompanied her husband on an embassy to the Portuguese court. A good old abbé who had become acquainted with Valentin, and knew the generous self-devotion he had manifested towards his late master, mentioned the circumstances of his past history to Madame d'Abrantes, and the very next day he was engaged in her service.

The heart of the faithful servant was quickly won by the sympathizing interest with which his new mistress listened to his recital of the wrongs and misfortunes of the marquis, and his gratitude knew no bounds when she erected a monument over his master's tomb.

In this happy servitude, time passed quickly with Valentin, until, in the year 1804, he inherited a small property in his native province. He was then about fifty-five years of age, and Madame Junot, on learning his unexpected good fortune, congratulated him on his being now in a position to retire from service, and settle in a house of his own, with a modest competence.

"Do you, then, intend to dismiss me from your service, madame?" exclaimed Valentin in a sorrowful tone.

"Dismiss you! My poor Valentin, why, what on earth could put such an idea into your head?" exclaimed Madame Junot.

"I thought my lady spoke of my going away."

"I only congratulated you on the prospect of being henceforth your own master," rejoined the duchess; "but if you are not disposed to enjoy your liberty, that is no business of mine, and certainly, if you wait for me to *dismiss* you, you will remain with me forever.

Not long after this conversation, Junot, having incurred the emperor's displeasure, was superseded as governor of Paris, and sent to command at Arras. This change of position of course involved some alteration in domestic arrangements, and many attendants were dismissed from the service of the duke. To Valentin, however, was deputed the confidential post of superintending the establishment which Madame d'Abrantes still maintained in Paris. He was chosen for this post as being one in whose integrity the most absolute trust might be reposed. Madame d'Abrantes was therefore much surprised, on the eve of her departure for Arras, to see Valentin enter the apartment with an air of deep agitation. His countenance was pale as death; and when he attempted to speak, his voice faltered, and it seemed as though he could not utter a word. Unable to conceive the cause of his distress, Madame d'Abrantes said, in a soothing tone, "I hope, Valentin, you are not vexed at being left behind here in Paris; you know it cannot be helped; the duke and I chose you for this post on account of the unbounded confidence we place in your integrity."

"O, no, madame, it is not that," faltered forth the poor man; "I know that it is right I should stay; indeed, I should have asked leave to stay, even if your grace had not commanded me to do so. It is not that; it is—that people say my lord and lady are in disgrace with the first consul, just as my poor old master was in disgrace with the Neapolitan court—and my lord and lady are going to take the children with them; it will be an expensive journey; and just at this moment the general has had such heavy expenses, this must take him by surprise. In short, madame, forgive me, but I have been to M. Tricard, the notary, and I asked him for my money, without telling him my reason for wanting it; and here it is. If my lord and lady will only be so good as to use it just as though it were their own."

"Never," exclaims Madame Junot in her memoirs, "never can I forget this moment; it is graven upon my heart rather than upon my memory, and time can never efface it. Had I needed the money, the recollection that Valentin was my own servant would not have caused me to hesitate for a moment in accepting his generous offer. I felt that his noble conduct through life had raised him to an equality with myself—to the highest rank in the social scale."

Junot himself had entered the apartment while this conversation was going on between the faithful Valentin and his mistress. He listened in silence to the generous offer of this noble-hearted man, who was not even aware of his presence. But when Valentin laid upon the table the four bags, containing his 3,700 francs—his little earthly all—the kind-hearted general could no longer contain himself, but, stepping forward, clasped the worthy valet to his heart, as though he had been his own brother. To Valentin's great sorrow, however, M. and Madame d'Abrantes declined the proffered sum, of which, in fact, they did not in the slightest degree stand in need. He seemed, however, so deeply pained by their refusal of his offer, that at last Junot exclaimed, "Well, Valentin, I will take your money, but only on one condition—my man of business shall pay you 10 per cent for it so long as you live."

This condition was faithfully fulfilled; but, upon the death of the duke, Valentin, knowing his master's property to be combered with debts, insisted upon not receiving more than 5 per cent interest for his money. Madame d'Abrantes knew him too well to grieve his faithful heart by pressing the matter any further in this her own hour of distress; but, on the return of the Bourbons, she told his history to the Duchess of Angoulême, who bestowed upon him a pension of £50 a year, in consideration of the service he had rendered to the Queen Marie Antoinette in 1791.

About this time, Valentin's health becoming enfeebled, he retired from the service of Madame d'Abrantes, and settled at Belleville. Here he lived to a good old age, beloved and respected by all who knew him, and having nobly earned in the course of his eventful life the honourable title of a "good and faithful servant."—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

THORWALDSEN'S MUSEUM.

From Brace's new book, "The Norse-Folk."

THE charm and attraction which, to the lovers of art, surround the Danish capital, which alone draw multitudes hither, come from one man's genius—Thorwaldsen.

I find nothing in modern plastic art nearly so graceful or so attractive as his sculpture. I have long known the casts of his best works; but they give really no fair conception of his genius. The exquisite severity and purity of outline, the gentle shadowing and change of surface, expressing the most delicate sentiments, and as it were, the fulness of exuberant life, in the marble, are lost in the plaster. The cast is more shrunken, stiff, and even harder, and, except in the expression of very strong action and vigour, does not fully convey the ideal. This is contrary to my own impression, which has always been that the cast often left an effect on the feeling as distinct and pleasing as the original.

I wrote these words under the fresh impression of his works. They express still their effect on my own mind:

"There are feelings in the life of the soul which are the most exquisite, joyous and radiant that ever visit man. All other joys are poor and commonplace by their side. The memory alone of them is sweeter than all after-pleasures. They belong to the fresh morning of life—to its bloom, and hope, and cheeriness. They are spirits who, with the fragrance and beauty of a happier sphere, come once to us in that early morning, and come not again. It is not given, except to poets, to utter the exceeding *joy* which they bring into human life. All that is most delicate and luxurious and cheerful in nature become their fitting expression. The song of thrushes and nightingales, the fragrance of roses and apple-blossoms, the richness of summer flowers, the sparkle of waves, the glimmer of moonlight, the radiances of spring sunshine, all the sweetness and gaiety of the outward world, are their language. How even the poor and ignorant long to express this overflowing joy! It comes forth in music, in songs, in the merry dance. Words cannot give it. It is too subtile for language. The *grace* of life, the luxury and the unspeakable deliciousness of youth and love, have no verbal medium fine enough to convey them.

"It seems to me, Thorwaldsen, like the Greeks, has been able to utter these evanescent and most delicate sentiments. The joyfulness and gracefulness of youth, the exquisite pleasures of love, the gaiety and frolic and blitheness of the morning of life, are his subjects. In his frolicsome children, and the lithe, springing forms of his youths, in the sweetness of maidens and the luxury of womanly beauty, in classic scenes, revived with a feeling and naturalness which no other modern has shown, we feel the *joy* of life uttered. It is the very pleasure of radiant love and tender passion. We see that here is a touch which can trace the most delicate and beautiful sentiments and never slur them.

"The bloom and grace of the first affection, the sweetness of youth, the luxury and *abandon* of a happy heart, the thrill of impassioned love, are drawn and made alive on the cold marble-slab. It is wonderful! That which words are too earthly to give; which comes up in never-to-be-forgotten memories, or in insatiable longings, with every fragrant breath of spring and sweet melody of music; which alone, once felt, can make henceforth the meanest life beautiful, and of which the slightest traces and associations are more delicious than all succeeding enjoyments—this the Northern artist has been able to utter in the difficult language of sculpture, and to leave its enduring expression in the hard stone! Such a man has given a spring to the world; he is a poet of its happiness.

"I think, as I walk about the city and see his thoughts, in saloons, in poor men's houses, in cellars and taverns, that in future, long after their petty princes and statesmen are forgotten, this great heart will be cherished by the people, and perhaps, in far distant ages, the only thing which will preserve the memory of the Danish capital will be that it was the home of Thorwaldsen."

The museum of his works is, on the whole, well arranged—each important statue has a little apartment for itself, the light coming from above, and